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JUNE
NO. 6
BIG TOWN
ABOVE BIG TOWN'S ROOFTOPS, STEVE WILSON UNCOVERS THE STARTLING MYSTERY BEHIND--
"The DEATH of a SKYSCRAPER!"

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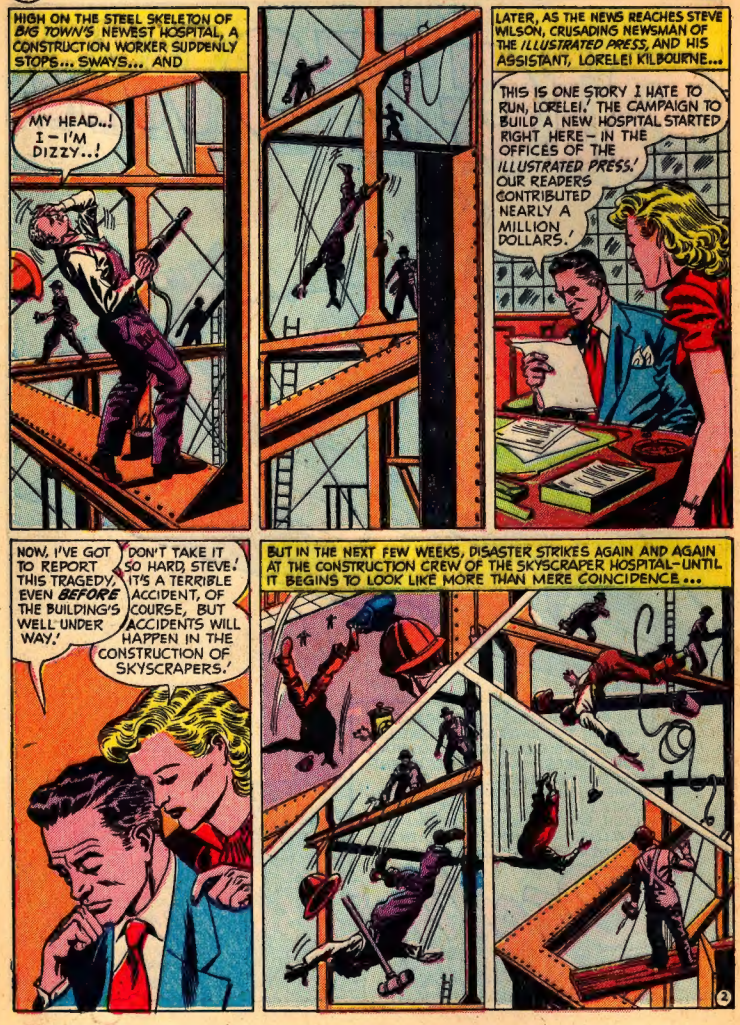
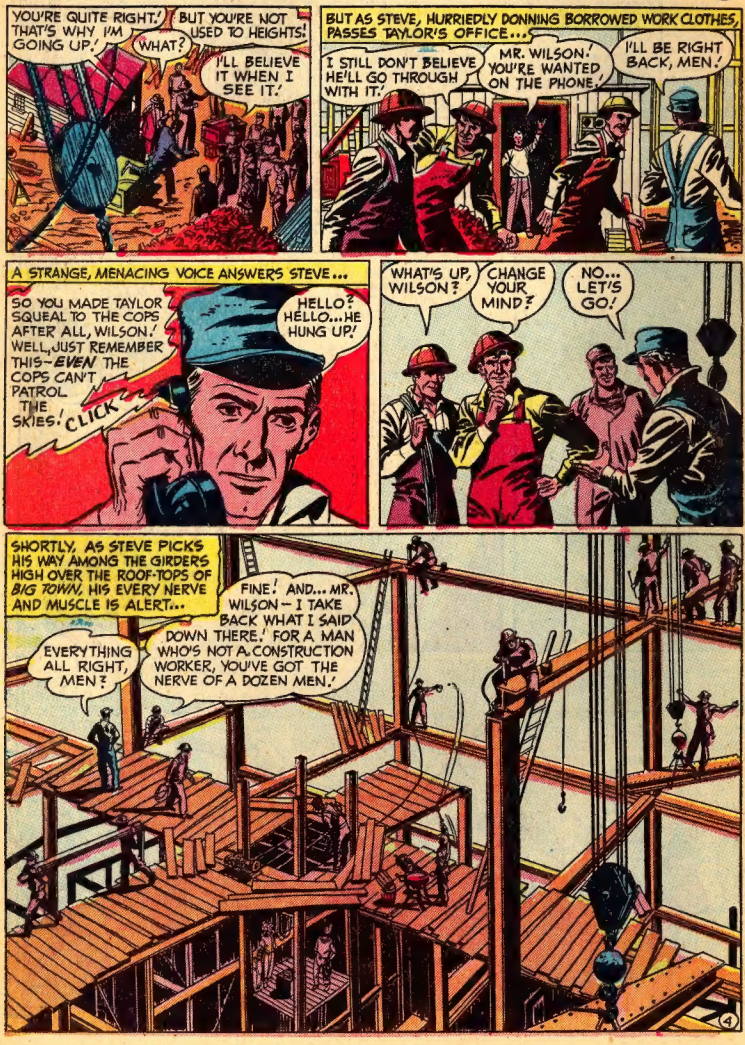
BIG TOWN
HIGH OVER THE ROOF-TOPS OF BIG TOWN, ON THE TOWERING STEEL SKELETON OF THE CITY'S PROPOSED NEW HOSPITAL, DEATH STRIKES — SWIFT, SILENT, RELENTLESS! PANIC SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE AS THE TERRIFIED CONSTRUCTION MEN WONDER WHO IS THE NEXT TO FALL! STEVE WILSON, BATTLING NEWSPAPERMAN OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS, CHALLENGES THE UNKNOWN TO HALT THE...
"Death of a Skyscraper!


HIGH ON THE STEEL SKELETON OF BIG TOWN'S NEWEST HOSPITAL, A CONSTRUCTION WORKER SUDDENLY STOPS... SWAYS... AND
MY HEAD..! I - I'M DIZZY..!
LATER, AS THE NEWS REACHES STEVE WILSON, CRUSADING NEWSMAN OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS, AND HIS ASSISTANT, LORELEI KILBOURNE...
THIS IS ONE STORY I HATE TO RUN, LORELEI.' THE CAMPAIGN TO BUILD A NEW HOSPITAL STARTED RIGHT HERE - IN THE OFFICES OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS.' OUR READERS CONTRIBUTED NEARLY A MILLION DOLLARS.'
NOW, I'VE GOT TO REPORT THIS TRAGEDY, EVEN BEFORE THE BUILDING'S WELL UNDER WAY.'
DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, STEVE.' IT'S A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT, OF COURSE, BUT ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF SKYSCRAPERS.'
BUT IN THE NEXT FEW WEEKS, DISASTER STRIKES AGAIN AND AGAIN AT THE CONSTRUCTION CREW OF THE SKYSCRAPER HOSPITAL - UNTIL IT BEGINS TO LOOK LIKE MORE THAN MERE COINCIDENCE...

PANIC SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE AMONG THE TERRIFIED CONSTRUCTION WORKERS.
I'M NOT GOING BACK INTO THAT DEATH-TRAP.
I SAW MY BUDDY FALL.. COOLEST HEAD IN THE BUSINESS.
THE PLACE IS JINXED.
TAYLOR CONSTRUCTION CO.
THEN AN OMINOUS LETTER ARRIVES FOR FRANCIS TAYLOR, PRESIDENT OF THE CONSTRUCTION COMPANY...
THIS IS Only THE Beginning! IF you'd rather NOT SEE the END it'LL COST you $50,000 And REMEMBER if YOU tell THE Cops it Means DEATH
HORROR-STRICKEN, TAYLOR BRINGS THE MESSAGE TO STEVE WILSON ..
SO THOSE DEATHS WEREN'T ACCIDENTS! THEY WERE MURDERS --DELIBERATE, COLD-BLOODED MURDERS BY VICIOUS RACKETEERS WHO'D USE HUMAN LIVES TO FURTHER AN EXTORTION PLOT! COME ON, WE'RE GOING TO THE POLICE!
TEN MINUTES LATER, AT INSPECTOR CALLAHAN'S OFFICE...
I'LL SEND THIS LETTER UP TO THE CRIME LAB RIGHT AWAY! MEANWHILE, I'LL HAVE A SQUAD OF MEN GUARDING THE HOSPITAL SITE NIGHT AND DAY!
BUT THE NEXT MORNING, DESPITE THE PRESENCE OF THE POLICE GUARD...
YOU'VE ALWAYS TREATED ME FAIR AND SQUARE, MR. TAYLOR— BUT THIS JOB IS SUICIDE!
I'M NOT GOING UP!
ME NEITHER!
MEN--I'M NOT GOING TO ASK YOU TO RISK YOUR LIVES ONLY BECAUSE BIG TOWN NEEDS THIS HOSPITAL DESPERATELY! I JUST WANT TO REMIND YOU THAT REAL MEN HAVE ALWAYS FACED THEIR ENEMIES— NOT RUN AWAY FROM THEM!
YEAH? WE DON'T SEE YOU RISKING YOUR NECK UP THERE!


YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT.' THAT'S WHY I'M GOING UP.'
BUT YOU'RE NOT USED TO HEIGHTS!
WHAT?
I'LL BELIEVE IT WHEN I SEE IT.'
BUT AS STEVE, HURRIEDLY DONNING BORROWED WORK CLOTHES, PASSES TAYLOR'S OFFICE...
I STILL DON'T BELIEVE HE'LL GO THROUGH WITH IT.'
MR. WILSON.' YOU'RE WANTED ON THE PHONE.'
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK, MEN.'
A STRANGE, MENACING VOICE ANSWERS STEVE...
SO YOU MADE TAYLOR SQUEAL TO THE COPS AFTER ALL, WILSON.' WELL, JUST REMEMBER THIS—EVEN THE COPS CAN'T PATROL THE SKIES.'
CLICK
HELLO? HELLO... HE HUNG UP!
WHAT'S UP, WILSON?
CHANGE YOUR MIND?
NO... LET'S GO!
SHORTLY, AS STEVE PICKS HIS WAY AMONG THE GIRDERS HIGH OVER THE ROOF-TOPS OF BIG TOWN, HIS EVERY NERVE AND MUSCLE IS ALERT...
EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT, MEN?
FINE! AND... MR. WILSON — I TAKE BACK WHAT I SAID DOWN THERE.' FOR A MAN WHO'S NOT A CONSTRUCTION WORKER, YOU'VE GOT THE NERVE OF A DOZEN MEN.'

STEVE'S TOUR TAKES HIM TO THE UPPERMOST HEIGHTS OF THE SKYSCRAPER...
WHEW! THIS IS STRICTLY FOR THE BIRDS! WELL, HOW ARE THINGS GOING?
NO COMPLAINTS—SO FAR! LET'S HOPE OUR LUCK HOLDS OUT!
YOU SAID IT, BUZZ!

STEVE CONTINUES ON HIS PATROL WHEN, SUDDENLY...
...MY HEAD... IT'S SPINNING...
...LOSING MY BALANCE...

FRANTICALLY, STEVE CLUTCHES THE STEEL GIRDER... MEANWHILE STRUGGLING WITH THE DIZZINESS WHICH THREATENS TO OVERWHELM HIM...
IF ONLY I COULD GET BACK... OVER THAT WOODEN FLOORING... I MIGHT BE ABLE TO DROP... ONTO IT...

DESPERATELY, WITH HIS LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH, STEVE INCHES HAND OVER HAND ALONG THE STEEL BEAM—KNOWING THAT THE LEAST SLIP MEANS CERTAIN DEATH...
JUST A LITTLE MORE... I MUST MAKE IT...

AND AT LAST, STEVE'S COURAGE AND IRON NERVES WIN OUT...
WHEW!... FROM NOW ON... I'M LEAVING THESE HIGH ALTITUDES... TO PROFESSIONALS.' FUNNY— HEIGHTS NEVER MADE ME DIZZY BEFORE.!
I WAS DOING FINE... UNTIL THIS THING HIT ME! SOMETHING UP THERE MUST HAVE MADE ME SICK! BUT WHAT... AND HOW.!
IT DOESN'T ADD UP! NOBODY EVEN TOUCHED ME! I HAVE NO PROOF, NO WITNESSES, NOTHING I COULD MENTION TO THE POLICE! ALL I HAVE IS A HUNCH!
THAT NIGHT, IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN...
B-B-BUT, JASON...
YOU LET HIM GET AWAY, YOU STUPID FOOLS! THERE'S NO TELLING HOW MUCH HE KNOWS BY NOW— OR HOW FAR HE'S SPREAD IT! I WANT STEVE WILSON.! GET HIM.!
AN HOUR LATER, AS STEVE LEAVES THE OFFICES OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS...
GOT A LIGHT, MISTER?
CERTAINLY... HERE.!

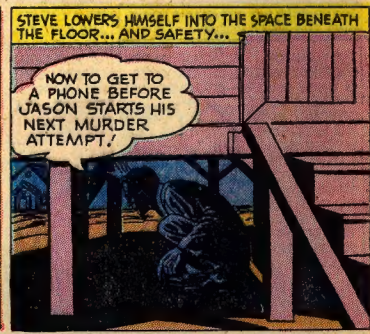
SUDDENLY, THE ACE REPORTER SENSES FOOTSTEPS IN BACK OF HIM — BUT...
THUNK!
HURRY UP! LET'S GET HIM TO THE CAR!
WHEN STEVE FINALLY REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS, HE FINDS HIMSELF IN A STRANGE PLACE...
VOICES IN THE NEXT ROOM...
ONE MORE "ACCIDENT" AND THEY'LL COME ACROSS WITH THE DOUGH!
AS THE BATTLING NEWSMAN LOOKS INTO THE NEXT ROOM...
THE ELEVATOR IS ATTACHED TO THE GIRDERS! BUZZ'LL CUT GROOVES IN THOSE GIRDERS—GROOVES JUST DEEP ENOUGH TO GIVE WAY WHEN THE ELEVATOR'S LOADED WITH MEN AT QUITTING TIME! THAT'LL SHOW THE HOSPITAL OUTFIT THAT BIG JASON PLAYS FOR KEEPS!
IT'S A GREAT IDEA, BOSS! AND BUZZ CAN TIP OFF OUR OWN BOYS TO SLIP DOWN QUIETLY BY THE LADDERS!
BUZZ... THAT'S WHAT THEY CALLED THAT MAN WITH THE ACETYLENE TORCH! THIS IS BEGINNING TO MAKE SENSE!
LET'S CONTACT BUZZ RIGHT AWAY!
WE'VE GOT TO TAKE CARE OF WILSON FIRST! LET'S HAVE ONE OF THOSE GAS CYLINDERS!
THEY'RE COMING IN—GOT TO MAKE BELIEVE I'M STILL UNCONSCIOUS!
AS STEVE RETURNS TO A CRUMPLED POSITION ON THE FLOOR...
THIS IS LAUGHING GAS. THE SAME STUFF BUZZ HAS RIGGED UP IN HIS PHONEY ACETYLENE TORCH TO SPRAY MEN ON THE GIRDERS AND MAKE THEM DIZZY! IN TEN MINUTES WILSON'LL BE SO NUMBED, HE COULDN'T WALK OUT IF THE DOOR WAS WIDE OPEN!
SO LONG, WILSON! SWEET DREAMS!
CLICK
HISSSS
LAUGHING GAS! COLORLESS, ODORLESS POISON! THAT MUST BE HOW THEY MADE THOSE MEN DIZZY ON THE BUILDING! BUT IT WON'T DO ME ANY GOOD TO KNOW THAT... UNLESS I CAN GET OUT OF HERE, FAST!
7

DESPERATELY, STEVE POUNDS ON THE DOOR AND WINDOWS... BUT--
DOORS... WINDOWS... EVERYTHING LOCKED TIGHT! I'M TRAPPED WITH ENOUGH GAS TO KILL TEN MEN! LOOK--EVEN THAT MOUSE IS RUNNING FOR ITS LIFE!

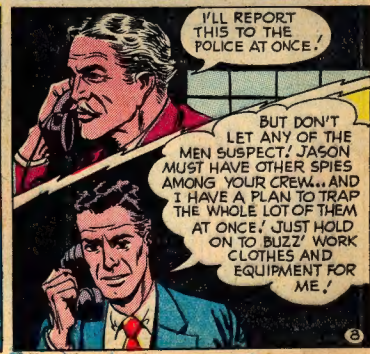
IT ESCAPED THROUGH THAT LOOSE BOARD IN THE FLOOR!- WHY CAN'T I?

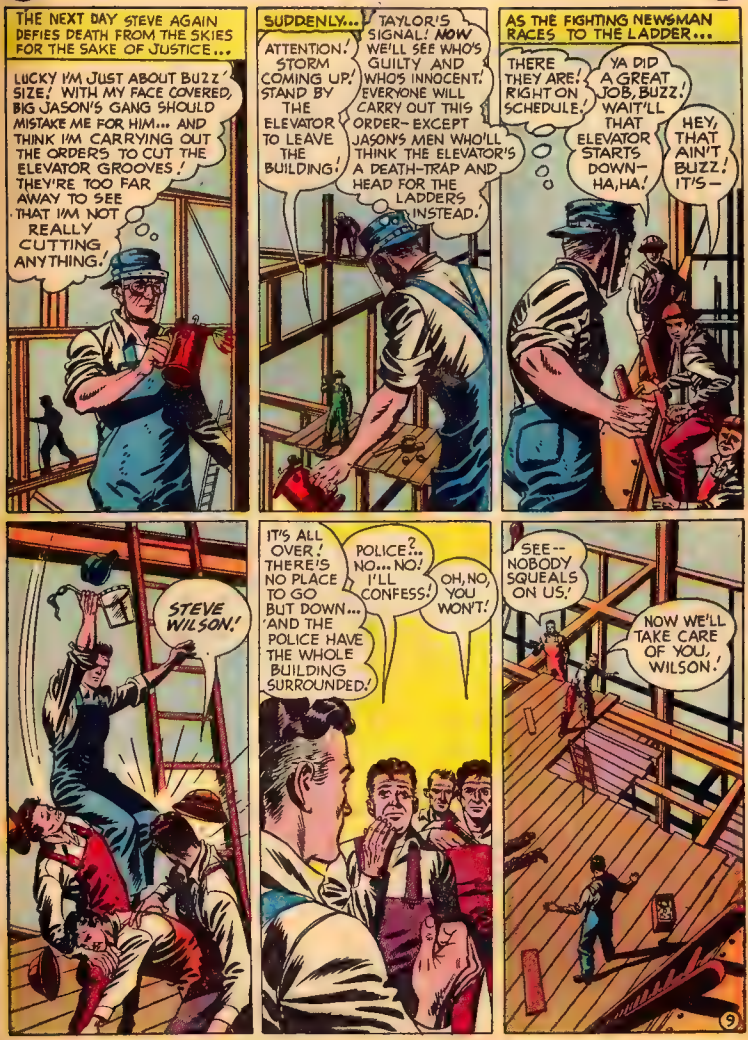
RIPPING AT THE LOOSE BOARD WITH HIS BARE HANDS, THE FIGHTING NEWSMAN PRESSES HIS FACE TO THE WIDENING GAP FOR AIR...
IT WON'T BE MUCH LONGER... THE BOARD IS BEGINNING TO GIVE WAY... IF I CAN ONLY HOLD OUT--

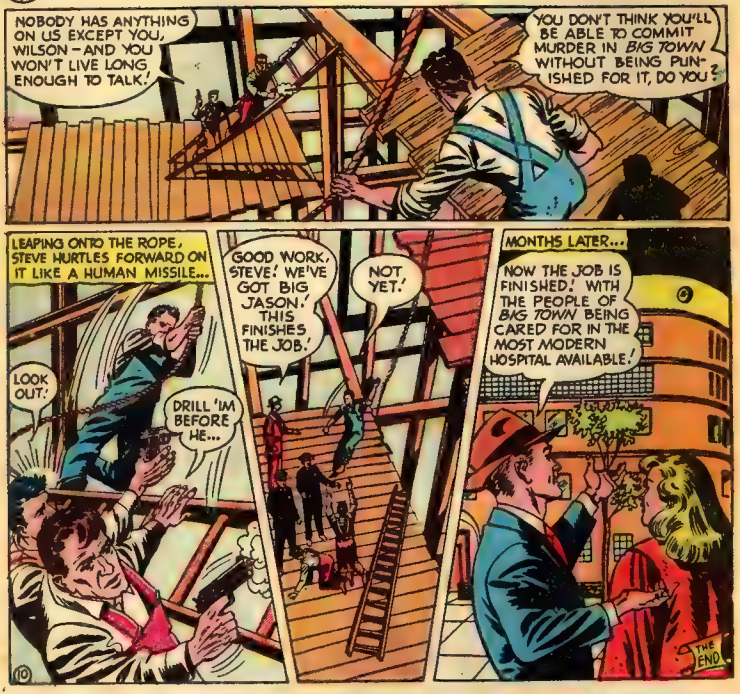
THEN, AT LAST...
THAT DOES IT.
CRACK


STEVE LOWERS HIMSELF INTO THE SPACE BENEATH THE FLOOR... AND SAFETY...
NOW TO GET TO A PHONE BEFORE JASON STARTS HIS NEXT MURDER ATTEMPT!

TEN MINUTES LATER, FROM A GARAGE ON THE ROAD...
TAYLOR? THIS IS WILSON! LISTEN--TELL THE POLICE THAT BIG JASON'S BEHIND THE EXTORTION PLOT! HE HAS A BUNGALOW HIDEOUT THREE MILES FROM TOWN, ON HIGHWAY 18! A CONSTRUCTION MAN NAMED BUZZ IS ONE OF JASON'S MEN...

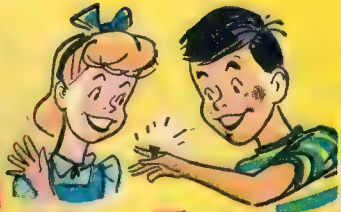

I'LL REPORT THIS TO THE POLICE AT ONCE!
BUT DON'T LET ANY OF THE MEN SUSPECT! JASON MUST HAVE OTHER SPIES AMONG YOUR CREW... AND I HAVE A PLAN TO TRAP THE WHOLE LOT OF THEM AT ONCE! JUST HOLD ON TO BUZZ' WORK CLOTHES AND EQUIPMENT FOR ME!


THE NEXT DAY STEVE AGAIN DEFIES DEATH FROM THE SKIES FOR THE SAKE OF JUSTICE...
LUCKY I'M JUST ABOUT BUZZ' SIZE! WITH MY FACE COVERED, BIG JASON'S GANG SHOULD MISTAKE ME FOR HIM... AND THINK I'M CARRYING OUT THE ORDERS TO CUT THE ELEVATOR GROOVES! THEY'RE TOO FAR AWAY TO SEE THAT I'M NOT REALLY CUTTING ANYTHING!
SUDDENLY...
ATTENTION! STORM COMING UP! STAND BY THE ELEVATOR TO LEAVE THE BUILDING!
TAYLOR'S SIGNAL! NOW WE'LL SEE WHO'S GUILTY AND WHO'S INNOCENT! EVERYONE WILL CARRY OUT THIS ORDER- EXCEPT JASON'S MEN WHO'LL THINK THE ELEVATOR'S A DEATH-TRAP AND HEAD FOR THE LADDERS INSTEAD!
AS THE FIGHTING NEWSMAN RACES TO THE LADDER...
THERE THEY ARE! RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!
YA DID A GREAT JOB, BUZZ! WAIT'LL THAT ELEVATOR STARTS DOWN- HA, HA!
HEY, THAT AIN'T BUZZ! IT'S -
STEVE WILSON!
IT'S ALL OVER! THERE'S NO PLACE TO GO BUT DOWN... AND THE POLICE HAVE THE WHOLE BUILDING SURROUNDED!
POLICE?.. NO... NO! I'LL CONFESS!
OH, NO, YOU WON'T!
SEE -- NOBODY SQUEALS ON US!
NOW WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU, WILSON!
9


NOBODY HAS ANYTHING ON US EXCEPT YOU, WILSON – AND YOU WON'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO TALK!
YOU DON'T THINK YOU'LL BE ABLE TO COMMIT MURDER IN BIG TOWN WITHOUT BEING PUNISHED FOR IT, DO YOU?
LEAPING ONTO THE ROPE, STEVE HURTLES FORWARD ON IT LIKE A HUMAN MISSILE...
LOOK OUT!
DRILL 'IM BEFORE HE...
GOOD WORK, STEVE! WE'VE GOT BIG JASON. THIS FINISHES THE JOB.
NOT YET.
MONTHS LATER...
NOW THE JOB IS FINISHED! WITH THE PEOPLE OF BIG TOWN BEING CARED FOR IN THE MOST MODERN HOSPITAL AVAILABLE!
THE END
10

ADVERTISEMENT

NOW! PRIZE PLASTIC PICTURE RINGS



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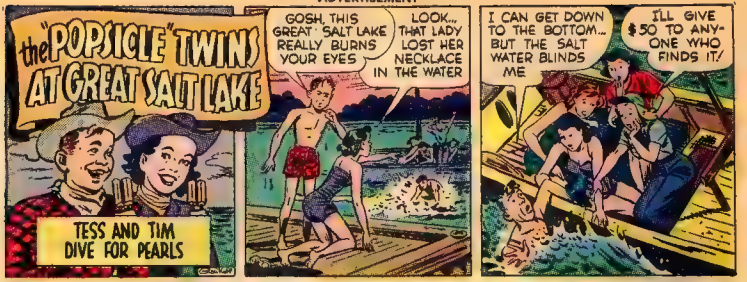
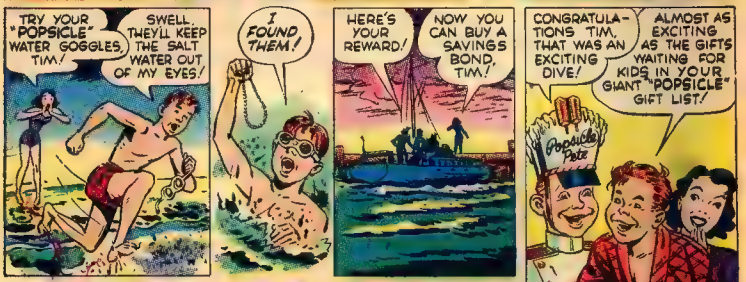

the "POPSICLE" TWINS AT GREAT SALT LAKE
TESS AND TIM DIVE FOR PEARLS
GOSH, THIS GREAT SALT LAKE REALLY BURNS YOUR EYES
LOOK... THAT LADY LOST HER NECKLACE IN THE WATER
I CAN GET DOWN TO THE BOTTOM... BUT THE SALT WATER BLINDS ME
I'LL GIVE $50 TO ANY-ONE WHO FINDS IT!


TRY YOUR "POPSICLE" WATER GOGGLES, TIM!
SWELL. THEY'LL KEEP THE SALT WATER OUT OF MY EYES!
I FOUND THEM!
HERE'S YOUR REWARD!
NOW YOU CAN BUY A SAVINGS BOND, TIM!
CONGRATULA-TIONS TIM. THAT WAS AN EXCITING DIVE!
ALMOST AS EXCITING AS THE GIFTS WAITING FOR KIDS IN YOUR GIANT "POPSICLE" GIFT LIST!
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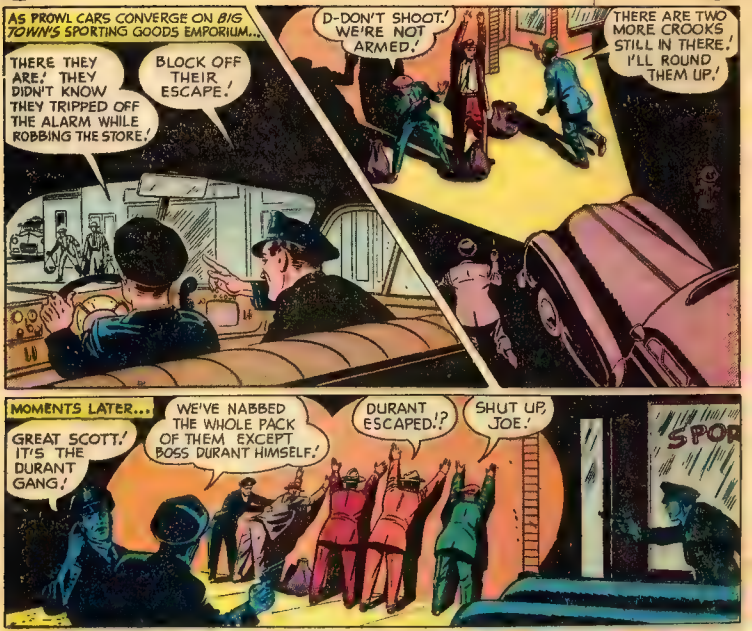
BIG TOWN
ED DURANT WAS THE FIGUREHEAD OF CRIME IN BIG TOWN--AND COUNTLESS HOODLUMS FOLLOWED HIS BIDDING! AND SO, WHEN PETTY THEFT WAS LAID AT HIS DOOR, THE FACTS DIDN'T MAKE SENSE TO STEVE WILSON, BATTLING NEWSMAN OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS,' STEVE SCENTED A STORY IN THE OFFING, BUT EVEN THE FIGHTING NEWSPAPERMAN WAS UNPREPARED FOR THE ASTONISHING ANSWER TO...
Crime TAKES A Holiday!"


AS PROWL CARS CONVERGE ON BIG TOWN'S SPORTING GOODS EMPORIUM...
THERE THEY ARE! THEY DIDN'T KNOW THEY TRIPPED OFF THE ALARM WHILE ROBBING THE STORE!
BLOCK OFF THEIR ESCAPE!
D-DON'T SHOOT! WE'RE NOT ARMED!
THERE ARE TWO MORE CROOKS STILL IN THERE! I'LL ROUND THEM UP!
MOMENTS LATER...
GREAT SCOTT! IT'S THE DURANT GANG!
WE'VE NABBED THE WHOLE PACK OF THEM EXCEPT BOSS DURANT HIMSELF!
DURANT ESCAPED!?
SHUT UP, JOE!
SPOR
LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF STEVE WILSON, FIGHTING NEWSMAN OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS...
STEVE! WHAT'S SO URGENT?
PLENTY, LORELEI! INSPECTOR CALLAHAN PHONED! THE DURANT MOB HAS BEEN CAUGHT!
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
WHAT? THE DURANT GANG PICKED UP FOR ROBBING A MERE SPORTING GOODS STORE?!
I'M PUZZLED TOO, STEVE! I HAD THAT GANG PEGGED FOR THE WELLINGTON BOND THEFT!
...#300,000 STOLEN IN NEGOTIABLE BONDS AND THE JOB HAD ALL THE EARMARKS OF THE DURANT MOB! I WAS TURNING BIG TOWN INSIDE OUT TO PROVE IT--BUT NOW...
NO ONE WITH ALL THAT LOOT WOULD ROB A SPORTING GOODS STORE! MAY I HAVE A WORD WITH DURANT?

SHORTLY, IN THE DETENTION BLOCK...
DURANT WASN'T CAUGHT! HE EITHER SLIPPED AWAY—OR HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE JOB!
SOMETHING'S REALLY WRONG HERE, INSPECTOR! DURANT WORKED IN CLOSE COORDINATION WITH HIS GANG! I'D LIKE A WORD WITH THEM ANYWAY!
WELL, IF IT ISN'T JOE! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR BIG BOSS? DID DURANT BEAT IT WITH SOME BOXING GLOVES AND A TENNIS RACKET?
THAT DURANT—!
SHUT UP, JOE!
LISTEN, WILSON! WE CRACKED THAT SPOT 'CAUSE WE WANTED TO PICK UP SOME RIFLES! WE MUFFED THE JOB, SO WE'RE STUCK! THAT'S THE STORY!
HAVE IT YOUR OWN WAY! SEE YOU IN JAIL, BOYS!
THE D.A.'S OFFICE WANTS ACTION ON THAT WELLINGTON BOND THEFT FAST! I HAVEN'T A LEAD TO WORK ON NOW THAT THE DURANT MOB IS COUNTED OUT! ANY IDEAS?
GET HOLD OF DURANT FOR QUESTIONING!
IT'S WELL KNOWN THAT DURANT HAD PLENTY OF RIFLES, AND HIS GANG IS TOO EXPERIENCED TO TRIP AN ALARM AND JUST WAIT FOR THE POLICE! IT ALL SEEMS PLANNED—WITH DURANT DOING THE PLANNING!
WE'LL THROW OUT THE DRAGNET FOR HIM!
POLICE CARS
AND SO THE HUNT FOR THE MISSING MOBSTER GOES ON... BUT...
AIN'T SEEN DURANT IN WEEKS!
NO—IT'S NOT DURANT!
DURANT ISN'T THERE! TRY AGAIN, MEN!

MEANWHILE, THE FATE OF THE DURANT MOB IS DECIDED BY THE COURT...
AND IT IS THE SENTENCE OF THIS COURT THAT ALL FOUR OF YOU BE CONFINED TO THE STATE PENITENTIARY FOR A TERM OF TWO YEARS!
BUT... STEVE--!
THAT'S ALL THE JUDGE CAN GIVE THEM FOR THE CRIME THEY WERE CAUGHT COMMITTING! THEY WERE CLEVER ENOUGH NOT TO CARRY WEAPONS!
TWO DAYS LATER AS THE BATTLING NEWSMAN HEADS ACROSS TOWN IN HARRY THE HACK'S CAB...
GOSH, MR. WILSON, DO YOU THINK DURANT SLIPPED OUTTA TOWN?
I DOUBT IT, HARRY! GREAT THUNDER! LOOK AT THAT CAR GO THROUGH THE RED LIGHT!
TWEET TWEET
HARRY! STOP THE CAB! I RECOGNIZE THAT DRIVER!
MAYBE A TICKET WILL TEACH YOU A LITTLE MORE RESPECT FOR A RED LIGHT! YOUR LICENSE, PLEASE!
IT IS DURANT!
SAY--! AREN'T YOU DU--
I CAN'T LET DURANT GET AWAY NOW!
STEVE WILSON!
4

LET GO, BEFORE I--
POLICE!

STAY AWAY, WILSON! YOU'RE LOOKING FOR TROUBLE!
YOU MUST HAVE A GUILTY CONSCIENCE, DURANT! WHY ALL THE TROUBLE TO SKIP A TRAFFIC TICKET?

I'LL MAKE YOU PAY FOR THIS—UGH!
ALLOW ME TO PAY YOUR FINE—AT HEADQUARTERS!
GOOD WORK, MR. WILSON!

LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, AFTER HOURS OF GRILLING...
I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT ANY BOND ROBBERY, CALLAHAN!
IF IT MAKES YOU HAPPY, GO AHEAD AND HOLD ME 24 HOURS FOR QUESTIONING!
PRETTY TOUGH, AREN'T YOU, DURANT! I FIGURE YOU'RE A REAL SMART GUY!

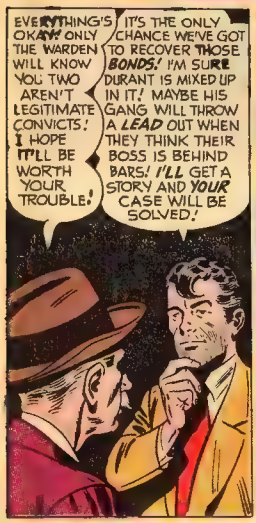
JUST AVERAGE, CALLAHAN! THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH YOU COPS—THE CITY GIVES YOU A NICE BLUE CAP LIKE THIS AND IT GOES TO YOUR HEAD!
PUT HIM BACK IN THE CELL, BOYS!

HMM--DURANT'S PUTTING ON THAT CAP JUST GAVE ME AN IDEA!
SNAP!

INSPECTOR, WHEN DURANT HAD THAT OFFICER'S CAP ON, DID YOU NOTICE HIS RESEMBLANCE TO SGT. KEATON OF THE 21ST PRECINCT?
HMMM... GUESS THEY DO LOOK ALIKE AT THAT, STEVE.!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA THAT'LL HELP CRACK THIS CASE! WE'LL NEED THE D.A'S PERMISSION, AND A WAY TO KEEP DURANT IN JAIL FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS.'
THE LAST ONE IS SIMPLE.' DURANT DEFINITELY RESISTED ARREST.' LET ME HEAR THE REST OF YOUR IDEA, STEVE.!

THE NEXT DAY AN EXPERT MAKE-UP ARTIST PUTS THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON SGT. JACK KEATON AND "GUS BROGAN," ALIAS STEVE WILSON.
MY GOSH, STEVE, YOU WERE RIGHT.' WITH THAT PHONEY SCAR AND HIS HAIR DYED, YOU'D SWEAR KEATON WAS DURANT.'
DID YOU SPEAK TO THE D.A.?


EVERYTHING'S OKAY! ONLY THE WARDEN WILL KNOW YOU TWO AREN'T LEGITIMATE CONVICTS! I HOPE IT'LL BE WORTH YOUR TROUBLE!
IT'S THE ONLY CHANCE WE'VE GOT TO RECOVER THOSE BONDS.' I'M SURE DURANT IS MIXED UP IN IT.' MAYBE HIS GANG WILL THROW A LEAD OUT WHEN THEY THINK THEIR BOSS IS BEHIND BARS.' I'LL GET A STORY AND YOUR CASE WILL BE SOLVED.!

FOR DAYS SGT. KEATON LISTENS TO DURANT'S VOICE AND CAREFULLY STUDIES HIS EVERY MANNERISM THROUGH A SPECIAL MIRROR CONSTRUCTED IN THE CELL WALL...
HOW ARE YOU MAKING OUT, JACK?
GREAT.' OBTAINING THIS TRICK MIRROR FROM THE F.B.I. WAS A SWELL IDEA!

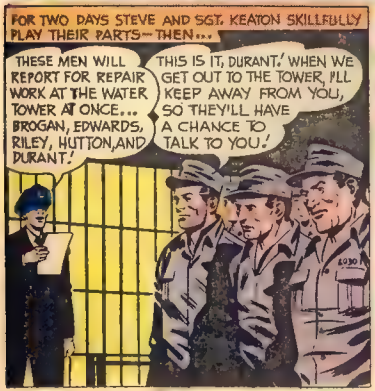
A MIRROR ON ONE SIDE AND TRANSPARENT ON THE OTHER, THE GLASS REVEALS DURANT'S EVERY ACTION...
I'VE GOT HIS VOICE DOWN PRETTY WELL, STEVE.' AND THAT HABIT HE HAS OF RUBBING HIS CHIN WILL HELP A LOT.' GUESS I'M ABOUT READY.'
6

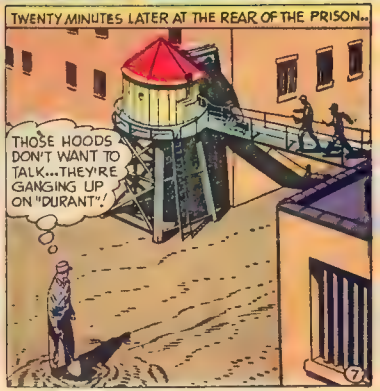
THE NEXT DAY AT THE STATE PENITENTIARY...
HERE'S AN OLD FRIEND OF YOURS, BOYS.'
DURANT!
HI YA, GUYS.'

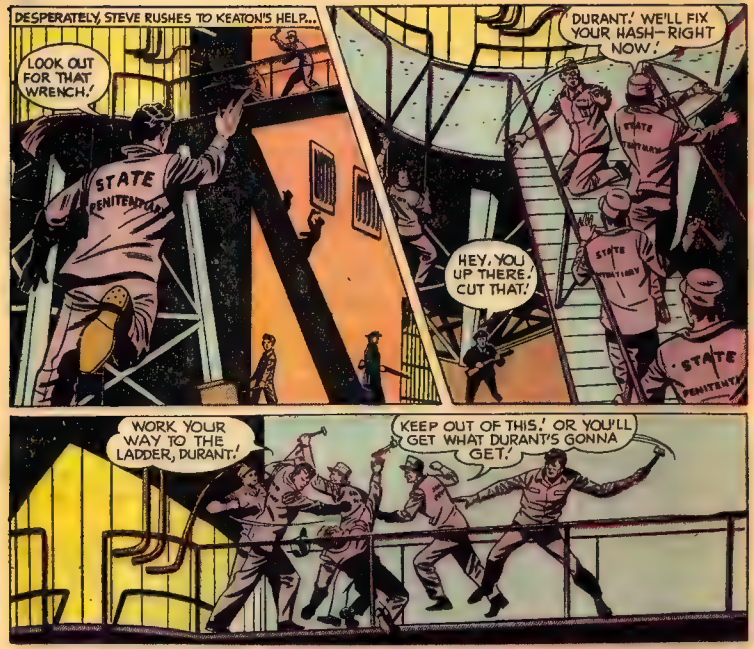
AND AS NIGHT FALLS...
WE'LL BE SEEIN' YA, PAL—IN THE YARD... TOMORROW.'
SURE, BOYS. WE'VE ALL GOT TO STICK TOGETHER NOW.'

DURING THE RECREATION PERIOD, NEXT DAY...
'SCUSE ME, DURANT.' JUST WANTED TO LET YOU KNOW THE BOYS SEND THEIR LOVE.' WE'LL BE SEEIN' YA.'
UH...

STEVE! SOMETHING'S WRONG.'
YES.' THE GANG CERTAINLY SEEMS TO HAVE A GRUDGE AGAINST DURANT.' HANG ON THOUGH, JACK! THE WARDEN'S ARRANGING IT SO WE CAN BE ON A WORK DETAIL WITH THEM.' WE'LL FIND MORE OUT THEN.'


FOR TWO DAYS STEVE AND SGT. KEATON SKILLFULLY PLAY THEIR PARTS—THEN...
THESE MEN WILL REPORT FOR REPAIR WORK AT THE WATER TOWER AT ONCE... BROGAN, EDWARDS, RILEY, HUTTON, AND DURANT.'
THIS IS IT, DURANT.' WHEN WE GET OUT TO THE TOWER, I'LL KEEP AWAY FROM YOU, SO THEY'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO TALK TO YOU.'


TWENTY MINUTES LATER AT THE REAR OF THE PRISON..
THOSE HOODS DON'T WANT TO TALK... THEY'RE GANGING UP ON "DURANT".'


DESPERATELY, STEVE RUSHES TO KEATON'S HELP...
LOOK OUT FOR THAT WRENCH!
STATE PENITENTIARY
DURANT! WE'LL FIX YOUR HASH—RIGHT NOW!
HEY, YOU UP THERE! CUT THAT!
WORK YOUR WAY TO THE LADDER, DURANT!
KEEP OUT OF THIS! OR YOU'LL GET WHAT DURANT'S GONNA GET!
SUDDENLY, AS STEVE AND PATROLMAN KEATON EDGE TOWARD THE LADDER...
ED—WATCH OUT!
LOOK! HE ISN'T ED DURANT! THIS IS A FRAME!
THAT WATER WASHED AWAY OUR MAKE-UP, STEVE!
I DON'T THINK WE'LL HAVE NEED FOR IT ANYMORE, JACK!
LATER, IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE...
YOUR PLAN CAN'T CONTINUE NOW THAT YOUR IMPERSONATION HAS BEEN UNCOVERED!
I THINK I'VE GOT THE ANSWER TO THIS JIGSAW PUZZLE NOW, WARDEN!

LATER THAT DAY, THE REAL DURANT IS RELEASED...

YOU'RE FREE TO GO, DURANT.'

WELL, WELL, ISN'T THAT NICE.' FINALLY REALIZED YOU WERE WRONG, EH, CALLAHAN?

HERE'S THE *ILLUSTRATED PRESS*, DURANT.' HOPE YOU LIKE THE STORY I WROTE ABOUT YOU.'

HA, HA! YOU'RE A GOOD LOSER, WILSON.' I SUPPOSE MY PICTURE IS PLASTERED ALL OVER THE FRONT PAGE.'

TH-THEY'RE **FREE-ALL** OF 'EM.'

THEY GOT AWAY LAST NIGHT, DURANT.' THEY'LL BE MIGHTY HAPPY TO SEE YOU... I GUESS...

D PRESS

DURANT GANG BREAKS JAIL!

WAIT...I--I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE JAIL! MY SENTENCE ISN'T UP YET! I'VE ONLY SERVED A FEW DAYS... Y-YOU HAD ME IN FOR SIXTY...

NO GOOD, DURANT.'

UNLESS YOU'D LIKE TO TELL US--ABOUT THE **WELLINGTON BOND THEFT.'**

SO THAT'S IT... WELL, I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES... YOU AREN'T GETTING ANYTHING OUT OF ME.'

FOUR BLOCKS FROM THE STATION HOUSE, THE CLEVER UNDERWORLD CHARACTER LOSES HIS POLICE SHADOW... BUT STEVE WILSON WATCHES FROM CONCEALMENT...

EVERYTHING'S WORKING NICELY.' HE THINKS HE'S LOST HIS POLICE SHADOWERS--BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT ME.'

ILLUSTRATED PRESS

JOURNAL

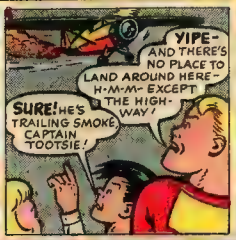
CAUTIOUSLY THE FIGHTING NEWSMAN FOLLOWS DURANT UPTOWN. FINALLY...
SO THAT'S HIS NEST.' OKAY, HARRY, PULL UP TO THE CURB.'
ANTIQUES
INSIDE THE ANTIQUE SHOP...
THANKS FOR SHOWING ME WHERE THOSE BONDS WERE HIDDEN, DURANT.'
WILSON!
IN ONE SWIFT MOVEMENT, THE MOBSTER LASHES INTO ACTION...
YOU MEDDLING NEWS HOUND-- OOF!
WHILE THE GUNMAN IS OFF BALANCE, STEVE SEIZES A HEAVY END TABLE AND...
I--I GIVE UP!
YOU DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO GET OUT OF TOWN AND CASH THOSE BONDS, SO I GUESS THIS WINDS UP THINGS.'
10
LATER...
THE BONDS ARE ALL HERE.' SO THAT STORE HOLD-UP WAS JUST A GAG, EH, STEVE?
RIGHT.' DURANT HAD THE GANG PULL THE JOB SO THEY COULD HIDE OUT IN JAIL ON A TWO-YEAR SENTENCE.' THEN, UPON THEIR RELEASE, WHEN THE HEAT WAS OFF, THEY COULD SPLIT THE $300,000 AND LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER.'
BUT SLY DURANT SLIPPED OUT OF THE SPORTING GOODS STORE *BEFORE* THE POLICE CAME! HE FIGURED WITH THE GANG OUT OF THE WAY, HE HAD A GOOD CHANCE OF KEEPING THE WHOLE HONEY POT FOR HIMSELF.'
WHEN YOU GET THE PAPER OUT, STEVE, DROP AROUND-- I'D LIKE TO HEAR MORE ABOUT YOUR TIME IN THE PEN.'
THE END

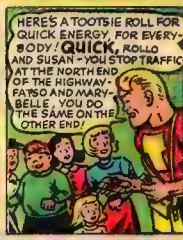
ADVERTISEMENT

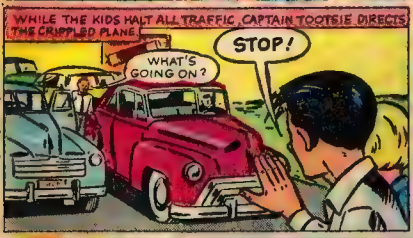
Captain Tootsie IN EMERGENCY LANDING

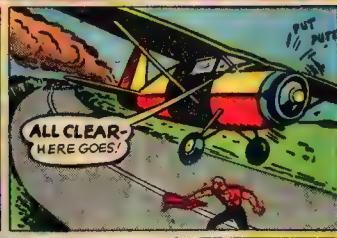
By BILL SCHREIBER

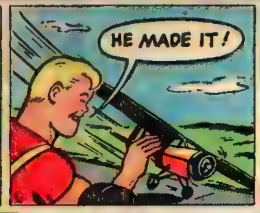
ALL RIGHT KIDS - LET'S STAY OFF THE HIGHWAY - THERE'S A LOT OF TRAFFIC TODAY!
EVERYONE IS OUT TODAY!
LISTEN, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE - THAT PLANE SOUNDS LIKE IT HAS MOTOR TROUBLE!

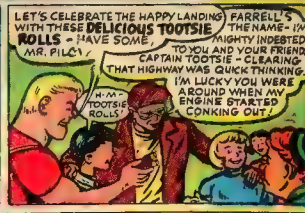



HERE'S A TOOTSIE ROLL FOR QUICK ENERGY, FOR EVERYBODY! QUICK, ROLLO AND SUSAN - YOU STOP TRAFFIC AT THE NORTH END OF THE HIGHWAY - FAYSO AND MARYBELLE, YOU DO THE SAME ON THE OTHER END!








LET'S CELEBRATE THE HAPPY LANDING WITH THESE DELICIOUS TOOTSIE ROLLS - HAVE SOME, MR. PILOT!
FARRELL'S THE NAME - I'M MIGHTY INDEBTED TO YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS CAPTAIN TOOTSIE - CLEARING THAT HIGHWAY WAS QUICK THINKING. I'M LUCKY YOU WERE AROUND WHEN MY ENGINE STARTED CONKING OUT!
H-M-M- TOOTSIE ROLLS!

BOYS! GIRLS! LOOK!

You can get this lovely smooth-writing

BALLPOINT PEN

for only 10¢

and 2 TOOTSIE ROLL wrappers or 2 TOOTSIE POP wrappers

OK

WHAT A VALUE

Five inches long, colorful plastic. Brass writing tip. Ramps or from bank or shopping. No wonder it writes longer than many a dollar pen!

HURRY! HURRY!

SUPPLY LIMITED

Get yours while they last. Mail coupon now — send 10 cents and 2 TOOTSIE ROLL wrappers or 2 TOOTSIE POP wrappers.

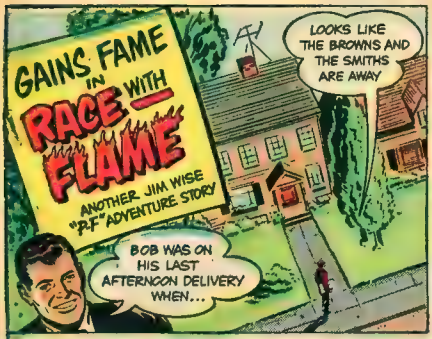
TOOTSIE ROLLS, Box "P" Uptown Station, Hoboken, New Jersey.

I'm enclosing 10 cents and 2 wrappers. Please send me a smooth-writing BALL-POINT PEN.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY & STATE _____


GAINS FAME IN RACE WITH FLAME
ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE STORY
LOOKS LIKE THE BROWNS AND THE SMITHS ARE AWAY
BOB WAS ON HIS LAST AFTERNOON DELIVERY WHEN...

JIM WISE TELLS WHY "P-F" CANVAS SHOES HELP YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER!
1. THE ALL-IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE HELPS KEEP THE 3 MAIN SUPPORTING BONES OF THE NORMAL FOOT IN PROPER POSITION.
2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION
TRADE MARK
"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION

SONNY, YOU'RE A HERO! YOU WEREN'T A MINUTE TOO SOON!
YOU SAVED OUR HOME!
GEE, MY "P-F's" SURE HELPED ME TO GET THERE IN TIME!
THAT'S RIGHT! ... "P-F's" HELP YOU MAINTAIN YOUR SPEED LONGER!

GET YOUR "P-F" CANVAS SHOES TODAY AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW THEY HELP:
1. LESSEN FOOT STRAIN
2. YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER
3. GUARD AGAINST FLAT FEET
4. PROMOTE GOOD POSTURE

INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES MADE ONLY BY Hood Rubber Company and B.F. Goodrich

Johnny Law

HEADQUARTERS DETECTIVE

ONE MAN KILLED, ANOTHER LEFT FOR DEAD! AND A STRAY BUTTON LEADS DETECTIVE JOHNNY LAW IN A DESPERATE CHASE TO WHAT SEEMS AN OBVIOUS SOLUTION. BUT A CROOK'S ACT OF KINDNESS TANGLES THE THREADS OF GUILT, AND IT REQUIRES A NEW DEDUCTIVE TWIST TO ENMESH THE AUDACIOUS PLOTTER OF... **"THE INDIRECT MURDER!"**

POLICE! THERE'S BEEN A MURDER! S-SEND AN AMBULANCE, TOO! HURRY!

ACE DETECTIVE JOHNNY LAW SPEEDS TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...

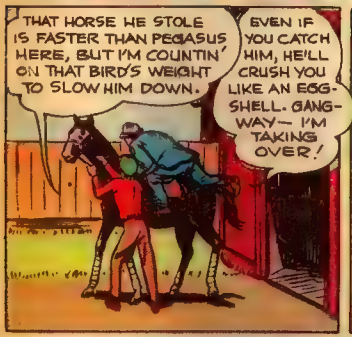
THE MURDERER WAS MASKED AND WORE GLOVES. HE GOT SLADE AND THOUGHT HE GOT ME. THEN HE CHUCKED HIS ROD OVER IN THE CORNER AND BEAT IT. THAT'S ALL I KNOW.
OKAY, BOULTON— TAKE IT EASY.
HERE'S THE GUN, ALL RIGHT. KNOW ANYONE IN PARTICULAR WHO WANTED TO KNOCK OFF YOU AND YOUR PARTNER, BOULTON?
NICE, QUIET GUYS LIKE US? I GOT NO IDEA.
EXCEPT MAYBE HALF A DOZEN OTHER GUYS IN THE NUMBERS RACKET WHO DIDN'T LIKE YOUR MUSCLING IN ON THEIR TERRITORY, EH?
NUMBERS RACKET? US? WHAT A THING TO SAY, COPPER.
FOUND THIS BUTTON ON THE FLOOR. BELONG TO YOU OR YOUR P-TNER?
SAY—THAT LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THE BUTTONS FROM THE MASKED GUY'S OVERCOAT.
OKAY, BOULTON. BETTER WATCH YOUR STEP OR YOU'LL WIND UP IN THE SAME PLACE AS YOUR PARTNER.
TEND TO YOUR BUSINESS, COPPER. I'LL TEND TO MINE.
SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AT HEADQUARTERS...
BALLISTICS IS STILL WORKING ON THAT GUN. BUT WE FOUND TWO PRINTS ON THAT BUTTON. RIGHT THUMB AND INDEX. BELONG TO A GENT NAME OF MIKE BARTOW.
MIKE BARTOW, THE RACE TRACK TOUT AND BOOK MAKER!
HOMICIDE
LATER... HERE'S BARTOW'S ROOMING HOUSE. DIDN'T THINK BARTOW WOULD STOOP TO MURDER, BUT YOU NEVER CAN TELL...
2

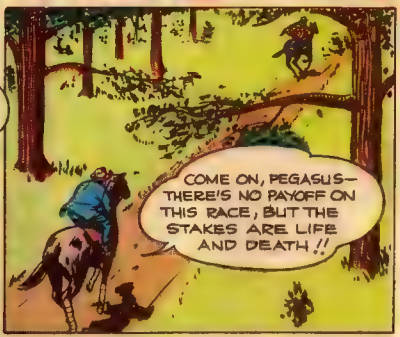
NO ONE HOME - EMPTY CLOSET - NO CLOTHES AROUND... BARTOW HAS SKIPPED.
RAILROAD TIMETABLE .. A BIG HELP. WHICH TRAIN DID HE TAKE? WHAT WAS HIS DESTINATION? GUESS THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO—HAVE HEADQUARTERS SEND OUT AN ALARM FOR HIM...
WAIT A MINUTE! HIS ALARM CLOCK WAS SET FOR SEVEN-TWENTY... IN OTHER WORDS IT WENT OFF JUST AN HOUR AGO. HALF-HOUR FROM HERE TO THE STATION ... THAT COULD ONLY MEAN THE EIGHT O'CLOCK TRAIN, AND THAT'S AN EXPRESS WITH ONLY ONE STOP!
THE TRAIN TO GRAYMONT! THE RACE TRACK! TOMORROW'S THE BIG DERBY—
NEXT DAY— ONE HOUR BEFORE THE OPENING GUN AT GRAYMONT PARK ...
THAT'S FIVE TO SHOW ON TURKEY GIBLET IN THE FIRST. WHATYA LOOKIN' SO CHEERFUL ABOUT, BARTOW?
BIG TROUBLES, MY FRIEND. BUT ALWAYS I FIND A SMILE HELPS SCARE THEM AWAY.
YOU'LL HAVE TO LAUGH THIS ONE OFF, BARTOW. YOU'RE WANTED FOR MURDER!
HUH!
THAT KINDA JOKE I DON'T LIKE, JOHNNY.
CURLY SLADE LYING ON A SLAB IS NOT SO FUNNY EITHER. THAT MISSING COAT BUTTON IS YOUR TICKET TO THE HOT SEAT, BARTOW!

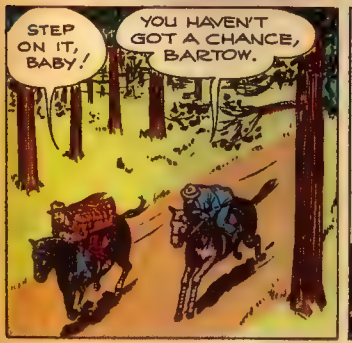
BOULTON WAS ONLY WOUNDED, YOU'LL BE DISAPPOINTED TO HEAR. BETTER COME QUIETLY.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. I NEVER EVEN SAW BOULTON YESTERDAY!
AND I AIN'T GONNA BE FRAMED!
HEY! WHAT--
CAN'T FIRE WITH ALL THOSE PEOPLE AROUND.
STAY OUTA THEM STABLES!
OH, NO YOU DON'T, MISTER!
OUT OF MY WAY! I'M FROM HEADQUARTERS!
SO LONG, JOHNNY. I'LL WRITE YOU FROM MEXICO!
4

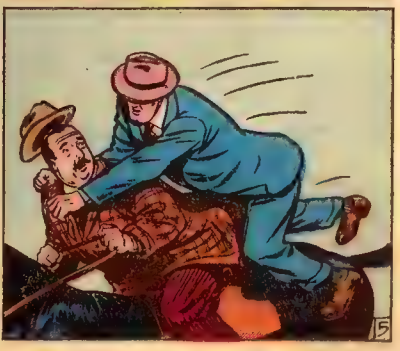
DON'T SHOOT! THAT HORSE IS WORTH FIFTY GRAND!

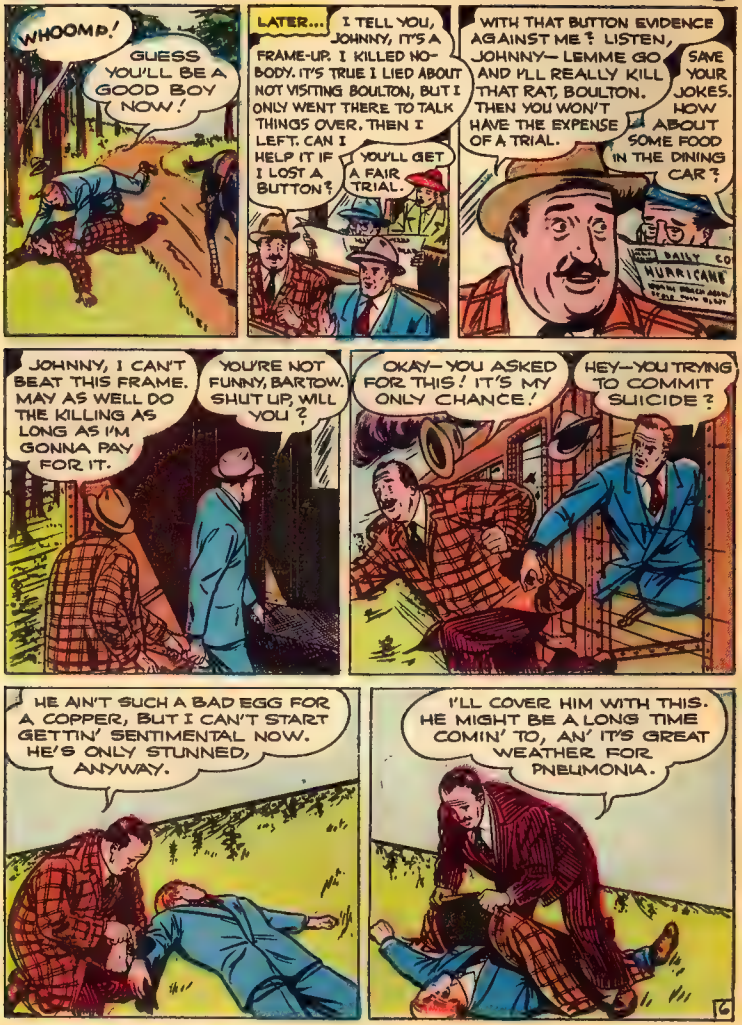
I'VE GOT TO GET THAT GUY! HE'S A KILLER!
AND I'VE GOT TO GET THAT HORSE! WAIT!


THAT HORSE HE STOLE IS FASTER THAN PEGASUS HERE, BUT I'M COUNTIN' ON THAT BIRD'S WEIGHT TO SLOW HIM DOWN.
EVEN IF YOU CATCH HIM, HE'LL CRUSH YOU LIKE AN EGG-SHELL. GANG-WAY— I'M TAKING OVER!

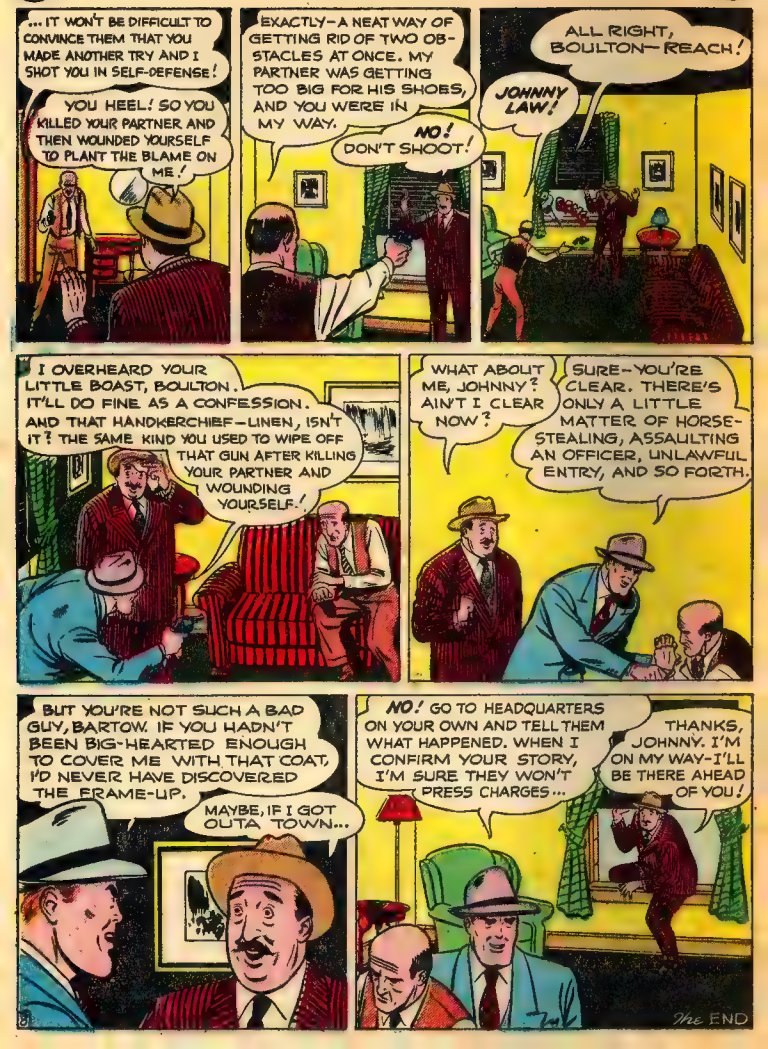

COME ON, PEGASUS— THERE'S NO PAYOFF ON THIS RACE, BUT THE STAKES ARE LIFE AND DEATH!!

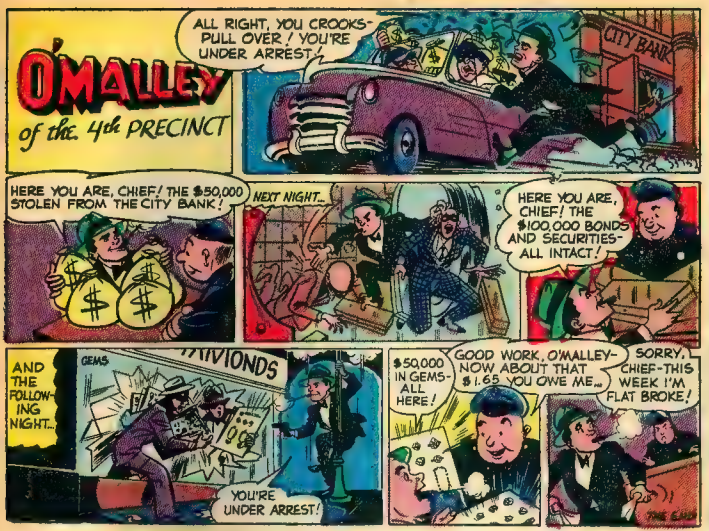

STEP ON IT, BABY!
YOU HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE, BARTOW.




WHOOMP!
GUESS YOU'LL BE A GOOD BOY NOW!
LATER...
I TELL YOU, JOHNNY, IT'S A FRAME-UP. I KILLED NOBODY. IT'S TRUE I LIED ABOUT NOT VISITING BOULTON, BUT I ONLY WENT THERE TO TALK THINGS OVER. THEN I LEFT. CAN I HELP IT IF I LOST A BUTTON?
YOU'LL GET A FAIR TRIAL.
WITH THAT BUTTON EVIDENCE AGAINST ME? LISTEN, JOHNNY— LEMME GO AND I'LL REALLY KILL THAT RAT, BOULTON. THEN YOU WON'T HAVE THE EXPENSE OF A TRIAL.
SAVE YOUR JOKES. HOW ABOUT SOME FOOD IN THE DINING CAR?
DAILY
HURRICANE
JOHNNY, I CAN'T BEAT THIS FRAME. MAY AS WELL DO THE KILLING AS LONG AS I'M GONNA PAY FOR IT.
YOU'RE NOT FUNNY, BARTOW. SHUT UP, WILL YOU?
OKAY— YOU ASKED FOR THIS! IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!
HEY— YOU TRYING TO COMMIT SUICIDE?
HE AIN'T SUCH A BAD EGG FOR A COPPER, BUT I CAN'T START GETTIN' SENTIMENTAL NOW. HE'S ONLY STUNNED, ANYWAY.
I'LL COVER HIM WITH THIS. HE MIGHT BE A LONG TIME COMIN' TO, AN' IT'S GREAT WEATHER FOR PNEUMONIA.

LATER...
HUH? BARTOW'S COAT! NOW THAT WAS NICE AND CONSIDERATE OF THE SCOUNDREL!
BARTOW USES THE VERY COAT THAT MAY SEND HIM TO THE CHAIR TO SAVE ME FROM EXPOSURE. IF THIS BUTTON HADN'T DROPPED OFF... HOLY SMOKE! DID I SAY DROPPED OFF?!
THESE THREADS ARE GOOD AND TIGHT. THAT BUTTON WASN'T LOOSE. IT WASN'T PULLED OFF! THE THREAD ENDS ARE TOO SHARP. THAT BUTTON WAS CUT OFF! I'VE GOT TO GET TO A PHONE.
TEN MINUTES LATER, IN A NEARBY FILLING STATION..
TAKE IT EASY, INSPECTOR. IF HE HADN'T GOTTEN AWAY, I'D NEVER HAVE DISCOVERED IT. THERE REALLY MAY BE A FRAME-UP. BARTOW WOULDN'T HAVE CUT THAT BUTTON OFF HIS COAT. ANY REPORT ON THE GUN YET?
NO PRINTS, AND THE GUN'S BEEN DOCTORED SO IT CAN'T BE TRACED. BUT WE FOUND BITS OF LINEN LINT INDICATING IT HAD BEEN WIPED OFF WITH A LINEN HANDKERCHIEF. WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THAT?
PLENTY!
BOULTON SAID THE MASKED KILLER WORE GLOVES, SO WHY SHOULD HE HAVE TO WIPE HIS GUN OFF? GREAT SCOTT- IF BARTOW WAS FRAMED, HE WASN'T KIDDING ABOUT KILLING BOULTON! I'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST!
SOMETIME LATER, AT BOULTON'S HOME...
SO YOU PLANNED TO KILL ME, YOU CLUMSY OX! WELL, I'M GOING TO KILL YOU, BARTOW. AND SINCE THE COPS THINK IT WAS YOU WHO TRIED TO KILL ME BEFORE, THANKS TO THAT BUTTON I SNIPPED OFF YOUR COAT WHEN YOU VISITED ME...


... IT WON'T BE DIFFICULT TO CONVINCE THEM THAT YOU MADE ANOTHER TRY AND I SHOT YOU IN SELF-DEFENSE!
YOU HEEL! SO YOU KILLED YOUR PARTNER AND THEN WOUNDED YOURSELF TO PLANT THE BLAME ON ME!
EXACTLY—A NEAT WAY OF GETTING RID OF TWO OBSTACLES AT ONCE. MY PARTNER WAS GETTING TOO BIG FOR HIS SHOES, AND YOU WERE IN MY WAY.
NO! DON'T SHOOT!
ALL RIGHT, BOULTON—REACH!
JOHNNY LAW!
I OVERHEARD YOUR LITTLE BOAST, BOULTON. IT'LL DO FINE AS A CONFESSION. AND THAT HANDKERCHIEF—LINEN, ISN'T IT? THE SAME KIND YOU USED TO WIPE OFF THAT GUN AFTER KILLING YOUR PARTNER AND WOUNDING YOURSELF!
WHAT ABOUT ME, JOHNNY? AIN'T I CLEAR NOW?
SURE—YOU'RE CLEAR. THERE'S ONLY A LITTLE MATTER OF HORSE-STEALING, ASSAULTING AN OFFICER, UNLAWFUL ENTRY, AND SO FORTH.
BUT YOU'RE NOT SUCH A BAD GUY, BARTOW. IF YOU HADN'T BEEN BIG-HEARTED ENOUGH TO COVER ME WITH THAT COAT, I'D NEVER HAVE DISCOVERED THE FRAME-UP.
MAYBE, IF I GOT OUTA TOWN...
NO! GO TO HEADQUARTERS ON YOUR OWN AND TELL THEM WHAT HAPPENED. WHEN I CONFIRM YOUR STORY, I'M SURE THEY WON'T PRESS CHARGES...
THANKS, JOHNNY. I'M ON MY WAY—I'LL BE THERE AHEAD OF YOU!
The END


O'MALLEY
of the 4th PRECINCT
ALL RIGHT, YOU CROOKS- PULL OVER! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
CITY BANK
HERE YOU ARE, CHIEF! THE $50,000 STOLEN FROM THE CITY BANK!
NEXT NIGHT...
HERE YOU ARE, CHIEF! THE $100,000 BONDS AND SECURITIES- ALL INTACT!
AND THE FOLLOW-ING NIGHT...
GEMS
DIVONDS
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
$50,000 IN GEMS- ALL HERE!
GOOD WORK, O'MALLEY- NOW ABOUT THAT $1.65 YOU OWE ME...
SORRY, CHIEF-THIS WEEK I'M FLAT BROKE!

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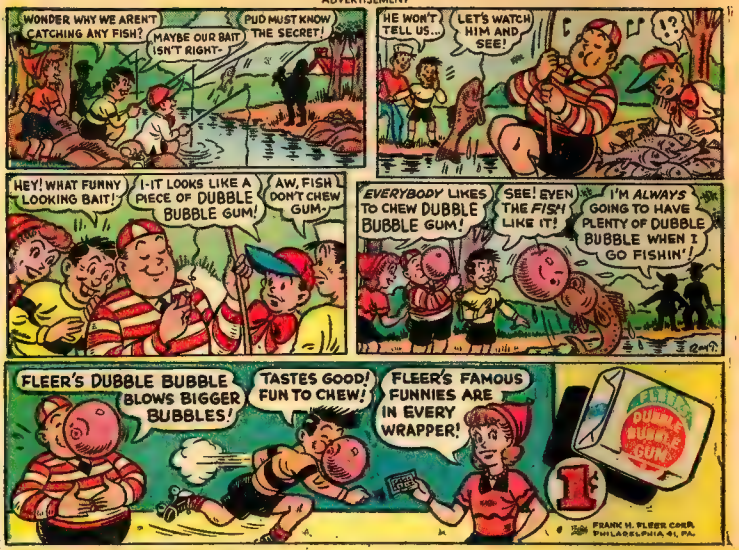
WONDER WHY WE AREN'T CATCHING ANY FISH?
MAYBE OUR BAIT ISN'T RIGHT-
PUD MUST KNOW THE SECRET!
HE WON'T TELL US...
LET'S WATCH HIM AND SEE!
!?
HEY! WHAT FUNNY LOOKING BAIT!
I-IT LOOKS LIKE A PIECE OF DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM!
AW, FISH DON'T CHEW GUM-
EVERYBODY LIKES TO CHEW DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM!
SEE! EVEN THE FISH LIKE IT!
I'M ALWAYS GOING TO HAVE PLENTY OF DUBBLE BUBBLE WHEN I GO FISHIN'!
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VIDOCQ —MAN OF MYSTERY

FRANCOIS EUGENE VIDOCQ was born in the year 1775 in the town of Arras, France. His life is interesting to us, because although at first a thief, he became one of the most formidable and clever policemen in the annals of French criminal history.

Vidocq was born in an era of turmoil in France, and although it probably didn't affect him directly, it nevertheless must have played a part in determining his career. France at this time was a country suffering from too many wars. The peasants were starving and only the very wealthy members of the nobility were well-fed and clothed. The people were overburdened with taxes and there was great unrest which showed itself by widespread lawlessness and disorder which the government was unable to control.

Finally in 1789, on the 14th of July, the peasants stormed the Bastille in Paris, and the French Revolution began. To this day the French people celebrate July 14th as a memorial day of the birth of national freedom. At this time, Vidocq was 14 years of age, and undoubtedly because of the poverty and deprivation that prevailed, the only way to live was by thievery, whereas a more orderly environment might have prevented him from such activities.

His youth and early adulthood were unintentionally preparatory years for his future profession. The situation in France was so bad, that it was a constant fight for survival, and as a result thievery was very common. Soon Vidocq found himself surrounded by thieves and miscreants of all sorts. He undoubtedly picked up many tricks of the criminal trade from these evil associates.

However, this way of life was interrupted for a short period while he served in the armed forces of France. His military career was as confusing as his previous one. He enlisted, deserted, enlisted again, forged papers to do it, and so on.

Once, while still in the army, he was jailed in the city of Lille, France, because of a quarrel with a fellow soldier. While in prison for the quarrel, he was found guilty of forgery too, and then was sentenced to 8 years of hard labor. However, even a conviction of this sort was no match for the clever Vidocq. Neither chain gangs nor prison bars could hold him, and he

escaped time after time from all sorts of prisons. Nevertheless, each time he was eventually recaptured by the police. In these short periods of liberty he could only resort to criminal companions who would help him, so he became more and more entrenched in evil environments. His many escapes made him popular among his fellow convicts as well as with other members of the underworld.

During these years Vidocq acquired an extraordinary knowledge of criminal tactics and became well acquainted with lawbreakers of all sorts. He was an intelligent man, and since he continued to be recaptured after each of his escapes, he finally got the notion that he might make use of his knowledge of criminals and their methods by offering his services to the police in return for his permanent freedom. When he first made this offer, the suspicious police officials rejected him, but in 1809 they took him up on it.

Vidocq's successes were amazing and thereafter his rise in the police department was rapid. Eventually he became head of the detective branch of the Paris police. Which shows us that an essentially good man *can* overcome a bad environment.

He began his crime-fighting career as an informer. His old associates for a time were ignorant of his new status. However, even after he became known in the underworld as a police spy, his success in tricking and capturing criminals was extraordinary. Also, Vidocq was extremely clever in evading the traps which other jealous spies as well as criminals set for him. He was fighting a battle on two fronts in the beginning; he had to compete with and fight the jealousy of his co-workers in the police department, as well as fighting the criminals themselves. Through the years he made his position assured and his courage and energy in pursuing this goal were boundless.

Vidocq was not a detective in the Sherlock Holmes manner. His techniques were quite different from the conventional detective methods. Vidocq more or less worked on psychology, although he wouldn't have called it that. He had learned what a criminal would do in certain situations, having been in that position himself. Therefore, he didn't have to think very hard about what to do. Vidocq, the detective, reacted spontaneously as if he were chasing Vidocq, the criminal. Of course, these rather intuitive methods of detection were not foolproof, but they proved to be more successful than those applied by ordinary police techniques. Vidocq literally became the terror of the underworld. He worked for the Paris police for 18 years. He resigned his post in 1827, and what happened after his resignation remains a mystery.

We know about Francois Eugene Vidocq only by chance. His activities as a young man were kept in court and legal files. We know about his career as a detective because he kept memoirs of his cases. However, when he retired he also stopped writing his memoirs. Aside from his very interesting and exciting personal life, we are indebted to M. Vidocq for other things too, for his memoirs became the source material for many writers of mystery fiction, and the many experiences Vidocq had in real life we can now read about in a detective thriller.

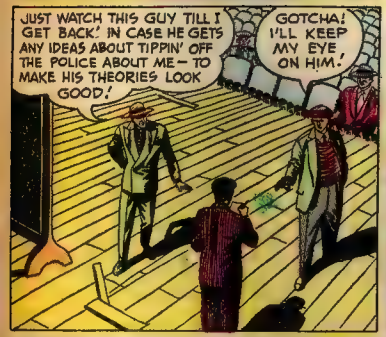
However, probably the most fascinating factor is that Vidocq proved that despite the most terrible living conditions, a man can rise above his environment and become a useful and successful member of society.

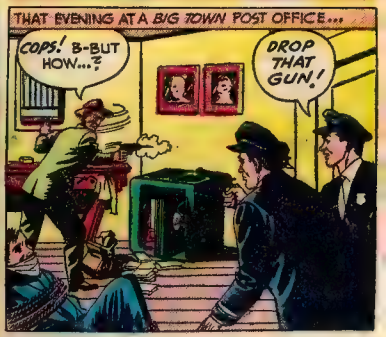
BIG TOWN
THERE'S A TRUCK OUTSIDE ONE OF THESE WINDOWS—WHICH ONE IS IT—? THE LEFT ?.. THE ONE IN THE MIDDLE?.. THE RIGHT ? IF I GUESS WRONG ...
A RUTHLESS MASTERMIND DIRECTED THE NEW WAVE OF CRIME WHICH SWEPT OVER *BIG TOWN.* STEVE WILSON, BATTLING NEWSMAN OF THE *ILLUSTRATED PRESS,* BAITED A TRAP FOR THE UNKNOWN BRAIN WHICH HAD CREATED A FRIGHTENING SCHEME TO SHATTER THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER, AND STAKED HIS OWN LIFE TO CATCH...
"THE MAN WHO PLUNDERED *Big Town!*"

BIG TOWN'S KEY UNDERWORLD FIGURES ARE PRESENT AT A STRANGE MEETING IN AN ABANDONED THEATRE, WHERE...
WHAT'S GOIN' ON, BRAGG?
EXIT
I DUNNO! BUT WHEN I GOT THIS PERFESSOR ZELLO'S INVITE, I FIGURED IT'D BE SMART TO ATTEND! IF SOME CRACK-POT'S GOT A NEW ANGLE ON OUR RACKETS, WE OUGHTTA KNOW ABOUT IT!
MEN! I AM PROFESSOR ANTHONY K. ZELLO! I AM A STRANGER TO YOU, BUT I KNOW EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU! FOR TWO YEARS I HAVE STUDIED YOUR CRIMES!
YET--OF BIG TOWN'S SIX TOP GANGS, NOT ONE HAS SHOWN A SIZEABLE PROFIT THIS YEAR! EVERY MONTH YOU LOSE AT LEAST ONE OF YOUR MEMBERS TO THE POLICE! YOU ARE BEING SHOT, JAILED AND EXPOSED! WHY? WHY?!
I AM THE GREATEST PHRENOLOGIST IN BIG TOWN! I READ HUMAN BRAINS AS EASILY AS YOU READ THE DAILY PAPER! AND I FIND YOU FAIL BECAUSE YOU DO NOT SELECT THE PROPER CRIMES TO SUIT YOUR INDIVIDUAL ABILITIES! ON THIS CHART IS THE BRAIN OF WILLIE BRAGG, WHO ATTEMPTS TO SPECIALIZE IN POST OFFICE THEFTS...
CEREBRUM
CEREBELLUM
SPEECH CENTERS
SIGHT
HEARING
CONTROL GLANDS
BREATHING
HEART BEAT
DIGESTION
NERVE CONTROLS
WILLIE BRA
BUT A STUDY OF BRAGG'S HEAD REVEALS THAT HE SHOULD ATTEMPT NOTHING MORE COMPLEX THAN PETTY THEFT! HE LACKS THE POWER OF REASONING, AS MY CHART SHOWS!
SHUT UP, ZELLO!
NO EDUCATED QUACK CAN TELL ME HOW TO RUN MY BUSINESS!
YOU SEE?! THIS MAN IS IMPULSIVE ... ILL-TEMPERED! HE CAN'T BE TRUSTED TO KEEP CALM--A MUST FOR AN IMPORTANT MISSION! STILL I COULD SHOW HIM--AND ALL OF YOU, HOW TO ADAPT YOURSELVES AND WIN SUCCESS IN YOUR CHOSEN FIELDS!

IT'S A LOT OF BUNK— AND I'LL PROVE IT.'
STOP IT, BRAGG! THE GUY MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING.'
EXIT

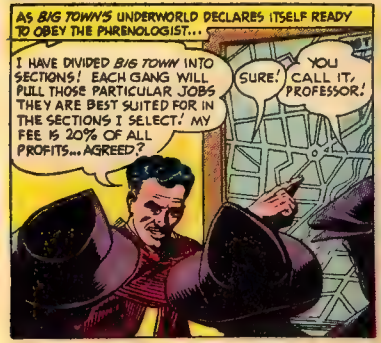
I'VE BEEN CASING A POST OFFICE JOB FOR WEEKS.' A BIG ONE—AND I'M PULLING IT OFF *TONIGHT.*' I'LL BRING THE CASH AROUND AT MIDNIGHT AND SHOW UP YOUR SAPPY THEORIES.'
EXCELLENT.' I'VE BEEN OBSERVING YOUR FEEBLE EFFORTS AND I KNOW *EXACTLY* WHERE YOU WILL *FAIL.*' I SHALL MAKE A NOTE OF YOUR ERROR IN ADVANCE SO THAT YOUR FOLLY WILL ACT AS A LESSON TO THE OTHERS.'

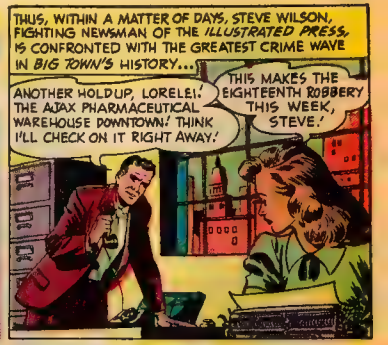

JUST WATCH THIS GUY TILL I GET BACK.' IN CASE HE GETS ANY IDEAS ABOUT TIPPIN' OFF THE POLICE ABOUT ME— TO MAKE HIS THEORIES LOOK GOOD.'
GOTCHA! I'LL KEEP MY EYE ON HIM.'

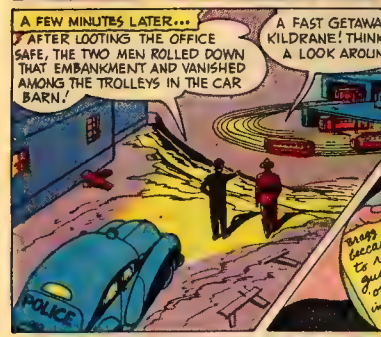

THAT EVENING AT A *BIG TOWN* POST OFFICE...
COPS! B-BUT HOW...?
DROP THAT GUN.'

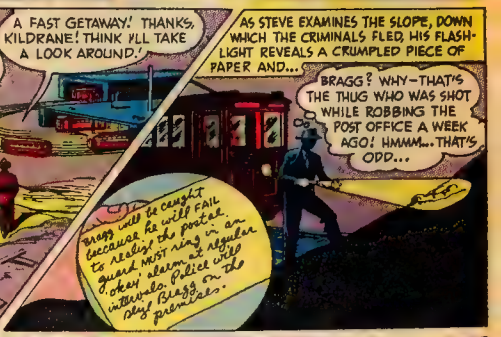
I—I DID EVERYTHING PERFECT... THE GUARD DIDN'T SEND IN AN ALARM... HE'S STILL TIED UP... HOW'D YOU FIND OUT..? HOW..?

AS *BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS* COMES OUT WITH THE STORY, ZELLO'S PREDICTION IS READ BY STARTLED MOBSTERS...
"BRAGG WILL BE CAUGHT BECAUSE HE WILL *FAIL* TO REALIZE THE POSTAL GUARD *MUST* RING IN AN 'OKAY' ALARM AT REGULAR INTERVALS.' POLICE WILL SEIZE BRAGG ON THE PREMISES, BECAUSE HE WILL HAVE GOTTEN RID OF THE GUARD.'" EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED.' WOW—I'M GONNA KEEP THIS AS A SOUVENIR.'


AS BIG TOWN'S UNDERWORLD DECLARES ITSELF READY TO OBEY THE PHRENOLOGIST...
I HAVE DIVIDED BIG TOWN INTO SECTIONS! EACH GANG WILL PULL THOSE PARTICULAR JOBS THEY ARE BEST SUITED FOR IN THE SECTIONS I SELECT! MY FEE IS 20% OF ALL PROFITS... AGREED?
SURE! YOU CALL IT, PROFESSOR!

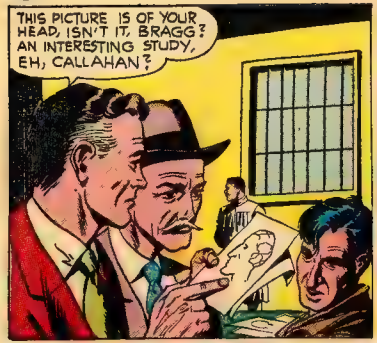

THUS, WITHIN A MATTER OF DAYS, STEVE WILSON, FIGHTING NEWSMAN OF THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS, IS CONFRONTED WITH THE GREATEST CRIME WAVE IN BIG TOWN'S HISTORY...
ANOTHER HOLDUP, LORELEI! THE AJAX PHARMACEUTICAL WAREHOUSE DOWNTOWN! THINK I'LL CHECK ON IT RIGHT AWAY!
THIS MAKES THE EIGHTEENTH ROBBERY THIS WEEK, STEVE!


A FEW MINUTES LATER...
AFTER LOOTING THE OFFICE SAFE, THE TWO MEN ROLLED DOWN THAT EMBANKMENT AND VANISHED AMONG THE TROLLEYS IN THE CAR BARN.
A FAST GETAWAY! THANKS, KILDRANE! THINK I'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND.
POLICE

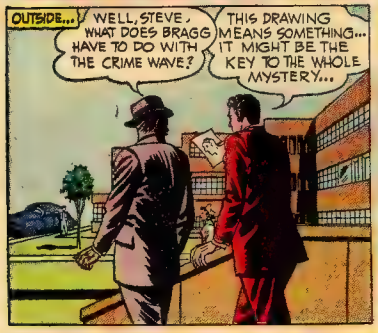

AS STEVE EXAMINES THE SLOPE, DOWN WHICH THE CRIMINALS FLED, HIS FLASHLIGHT REVEALS A CRUMPLED PIECE OF PAPER AND...
BRAGG? WHY—THAT'S THE THUG WHO WAS SHOT WHILE ROBBING THE POST OFFICE A WEEK AGO! HMMM... THAT'S ODD...
Bragg will be caught because he will FAIL to realize the portier guard MUST ring in at regular intervals. Police will obey alarm at regular intervals. Police will play Bragg on the premises.

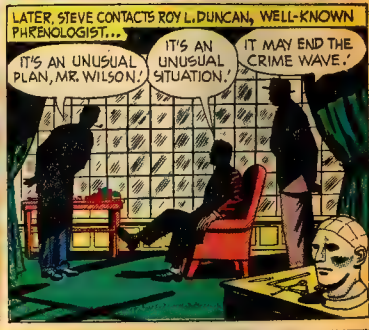
SUDDENLY...
GIMME THAT PAPER!
GOING TO A LOT OF TROUBLE FOR JUST A SCRAP OF PAPER, AREN'T YOU?

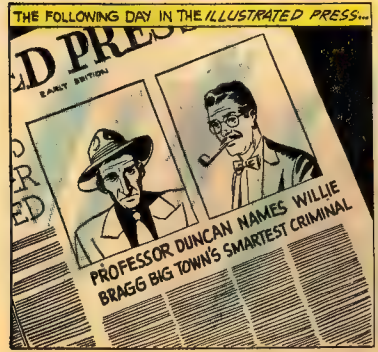
RISKED YOUR NECK COMING BACK FOR IT-- AFTER YOU MADE A CLEAN GETAWAY!
YEAH--AN' YOU'RE NOT GONNA STOP ME FROM GETTIN' AWAY AGAIN!
MOMENTS LATER...
STEVE! WHAT HAPPENED?
PLENTY... INSPECTOR CALLAHAN! YOU ARRESTED BRAGG, A POST OFFICE BANDIT, ABOUT A WEEK AGO... I'D LIKE TO SEE HIM!
WHAT DOES HE HAVE TO DO WITH THIS JOB, STEVE?
I'LL EXPLAIN LATER! BUT BELIEVE ME, IT COULD HAVE EVERYTHING TO DO WITH THIS THEFT! PERHAPS WITH THE WHOLE CRIME WAVE!
LATER, AT THE PRISON WARD IN BIG TOWN HOSPITAL...
I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T GET MUCH OUT OF HIM, GENTLEMEN! HE'S BEEN IN A MENTAL FOG EVER SINCE WE GOT HIM! SOMETHING HAS GIVEN HIM QUITE A SHOCK! HE SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME DRAWING!
LET'S SEE WHAT HE'S DRAWING!
HELLO, BRAGG! GOT TIME FOR A FEW WORDS? I'M STEVE WILSON--
GO AWAY! LEAVE ME ALONE!

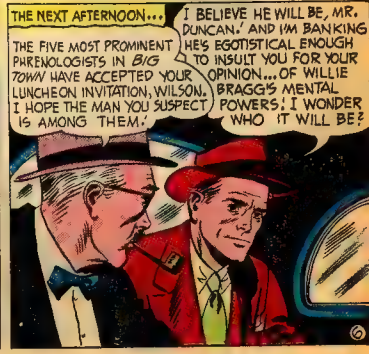

THIS PICTURE IS OF YOUR HEAD, ISN'T IT, BRAGG? AN INTERESTING STUDY, EH, CALLAHAN?

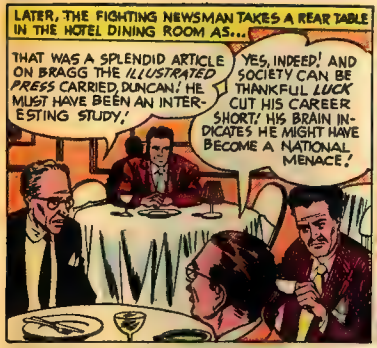
BETTER LEAVE, MR. WILSON'
'GET OUT,' YOU'VE GOT NO RIGHT TO BOTHER ME! I SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO HIM. HE WAS RIGHT. HE HAD IT FIGURED--JUST LIKE HE SAID! GET OUT!'


OUTSIDE...
WELL, STEVE, WHAT DOES BRAGG HAVE TO DO WITH THE CRIME WAVE?
THIS DRAWING MEANS SOMETHING... IT MIGHT BE THE KEY TO THE WHOLE MYSTERY...

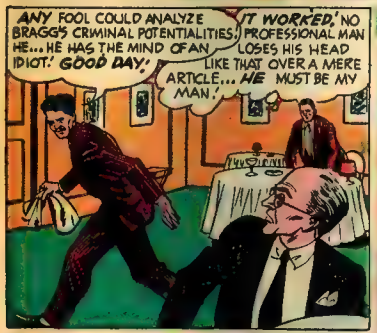

LATER, STEVE CONTACTS ROY L. DUNCAN, WELL-KNOWN PHRENOLOGIST...
IT'S AN UNUSUAL PLAN, MR. WILSON.'
IT'S AN UNUSUAL SITUATION.'
IT MAY END THE CRIME WAVE.'

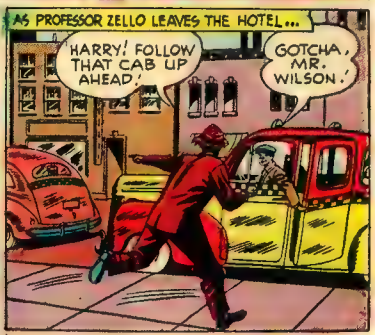

THE FOLLOWING DAY IN THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS...
EARLY EDITION
PROFESSOR DUNCAN NAMES WILLIE BRAGG BIG TOWN'S SMARTEST CRIMINAL


THE NEXT AFTERNOON...
THE FIVE MOST PROMINENT PHRENOLOGISTS IN BIG TOWN HAVE ACCEPTED YOUR LUNCHEON INVITATION, WILSON. I HOPE THE MAN YOU SUSPECT IS AMONG THEM.'
I BELIEVE HE WILL BE, MR. DUNCAN.' AND I'M BANKING HE'S EGOTISTICAL ENOUGH TO INSULT YOU FOR YOUR OPINION... OF WILLIE BRAGG'S MENTAL POWERS; I WONDER WHO IT WILL BE?

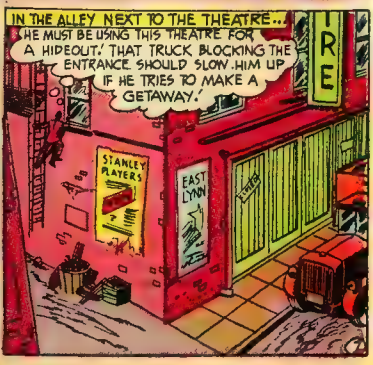

LATER, THE FIGHTING NEWSMAN TAKES A REAR TABLE IN THE HOTEL DINING ROOM AS...
THAT WAS A SPLENDID ARTICLE ON BRAGG THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS CARRIED, DUNCAN! HE MUST HAVE BEEN AN INTERESTING STUDY.
YES, INDEED! AND SOCIETY CAN BE THANKFUL LUCK CUT HIS CAREER SHORT! HIS BRAIN INDICATES HE MIGHT HAVE BECOME A NATIONAL MENACE!

NONSENSE! LUCK HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH BRAGG'S CAPTURE! HE HAS THE MIND OF A ROUGHNECK! SMARTEST CRIMINAL! ABSURD!
OH..? AND ON WHAT DO YOU BASE YOUR OPINION, PROFESSOR ZELLO?


ANY FOOL COULD ANALYZE BRAGG'S CRIMINAL POTENTIALITIES! HE... HE HAS THE MIND OF AN IDIOT! GOOD DAY!
IT WORKED! NO PROFESSIONAL MAN LOSES HIS HEAD LIKE THAT OVER A MERE ARTICLE... HE MUST BE MY MAN!

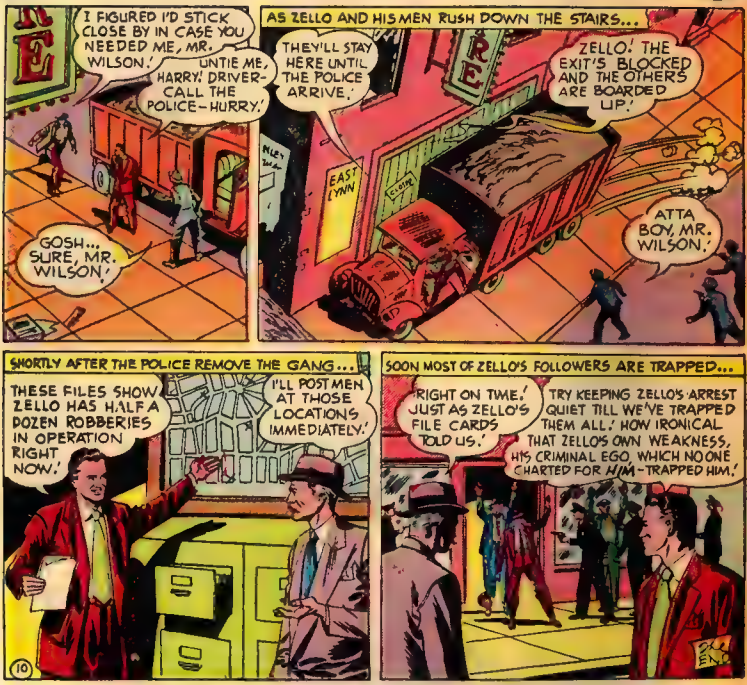

AS PROFESSOR ZELLO LEAVES THE HOTEL...
HARRY! FOLLOW THAT CAB UP AHEAD!
GOTCHA, MR. WILSON!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...
HE'S ENTERING THAT ABANDONED THEATRE... I'VE GOT TO GET INSIDE WITHOUT BEING NOTICED!
GROCERY


IN THE ALLEY NEXT TO THE THEATRE...
HE MUST BE USING THIS THEATRE FOR A HIDEOUT! THAT TRUCK BLOCKING THE ENTRANCE SHOULD SLOW HIM UP IF HE TRIES TO MAKE A GETAWAY!
STANLEY PLAYERS
EAST LYNN
LOVER
RE

SUDDENLY, AS STEVE REACHES THE WINDOW SILL...
A WINDOW ALARM.'
RRRINNG
ODD PLACE TO KEEP OFFICE HOURS, ZELLO.'
STEVE WILSON.' SO YOU FOLLOWED ME.'
DUNCAN'S STORY ... IT WAS A TRICK ... TO EXPOSE ME.'
AND IT DID.'
I HAVE YOU PEGGED FOR CHARTING BIG TOWN'S LATEST CRIME-WAVE -- CARE TO DISCUSS IT?
GET HIM, MEN.'
GOT 'IM.'
HA, HA.'
I'M RATHER INTERESTED IN YOUR KEEN SENSE OF SLEUTHING, WILSON! THERE HASN'T BEEN ONE ERROR-NOT ONE.' HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO SINGLE ME OUT?
SPEAK UP! YOU'RE THROUGH, ANYWAY! HOW DID YOU GET ME IN THE TROLLEY YARDS... IF I COULD ONLY TURN THOSE TWO AGAINST EACH OTHER...
THAT BIG CHARACTER LOOKS LIKE THE HOOD WHO TACKLED ONTO MY TRACK?

YOU'RE A CLOWN, ZELLO.' THE FOOLS YOU CONTROL ARE DROPPING YOUR HANDWRITING ALL OVER TOWN.' I FOUND A NOTE OF YOURS AT THE WAREHOUSE, PREDICTING HOW WILLIE WOULD BE CAUGHT ON THE POST OFFICE ROBBERY.'
'WHAT!?' WERE YOU STUPID ENOUGH TO CARRY SUCH INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE AROUND WITH YOU?
I--I KEPT IT FOR A SOUVENIR, PROFESSOR.' B-B-BUT WHEN WE ROLLED DOWN THE SLOPE, LIKE YOU PLANNED, THE NOTE FELL OUT OF MY POCKET.' I-- I WENT BACK AND GOT IT THOUGH.'
YOU BRAINLESS APE.' ONE MISTAKE LIKE THAT CAN RUIN US ALL!
HE'S ESCAPING.' GET HIM.'
IT'S NOW OR NEVER.'
ONE OF THOSE WINDOWS OPENS ON THE TRUCK BELOW.' BUT-- WHICH ONE?
IF I'M WRONG-
HOLD IT.'
HUH?
9


I FIGURED I'D STICK CLOSE BY IN CASE YOU NEEDED ME, MR. WILSON.'
UNTIE ME, HARRY! DRIVER—CALL THE POLICE—HURRY.'
GOSH... SURE, MR. WILSON.'
AS ZELLO AND HIS MEN RUSH DOWN THE STAIRS...
THEY'LL STAY HERE UNTIL THE POLICE ARRIVE.'
ZELLO! THE EXIT'S BLOCKED AND THE OTHERS ARE BOARDED UP.'
ATTA BOY, MR. WILSON.'
EAST LYNN
SHORTLY AFTER THE POLICE REMOVE THE GANG...
THESE FILES SHOW ZELLO HAS HALF A DOZEN ROBBERIES IN OPERATION RIGHT NOW.'
I'LL POST MEN AT THOSE LOCATIONS IMMEDIATELY.'
10
SOON MOST OF ZELLO'S FOLLOWERS ARE TRAPPED...
'RIGHT ON TIME.' JUST AS ZELLO'S FILE CARDS TOLD US.'
TRY KEEPING ZELLO'S ARREST QUIET TILL WE'VE TRAPPED THEM ALL.' HOW IRONICAL THAT ZELLO'S OWN WEAKNESS, HIS CRIMINAL EGO, WHICH NO ONE CHARTED FOR H/M—TRAPPED HIM.'
THE END

ADVERTISEMENT

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PRIVATE DETECTIVE
NOBODY WANTS HIM BUT THE POLICE!
MAYBE HE'D BE MORE POPULAR IF HE KEPT HIS HAIR NEAT AND WELL GROOMED WITH WILDROOT CREAM-OIL
WANTED!
See Charlie Wild on TV over CBS Hear Charlie Wild on Radio — CBS Network
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CONTAINS SOOTHING LANOLIN
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC
GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF
29¢
WILDROOT CO., INC.

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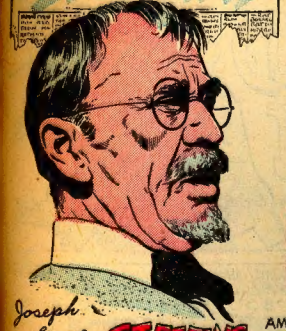

Joseph Lincoln **STEFFENS**

AMERICAN WRITER 1866 – 1936

WELL-KNOWN FOR HIS STUDY OF CORRUPT POLITICAL MACHINES, HE WROTE NUMEROUS ARTICLES BRANDING DISHONEST POLITICIANS AND THEIR EVIL PRACTICES.

STEFFENS WAS MANAGING EDITOR OF McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, AND ALSO SERVED ON CARRANZA'S COMMITTEE TO DRAW UP A NEW MEXICAN CONSTITUTION.

IN 1917, HE WENT TO PETROGRAD AND REPORTED ON THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. TWO YEARS LATER, HE ACCOMPANIED THE BULLIT MISSION FROM THE PEACE CONFERENCE AT PARIS TO MOSCOW.

HE WAS THE AUTHOR OF: "THE SHAME OF OUR CITIES", "THE STRUGGLE FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT", "UPBUILDERS", AND "THE LEAST OF THESE".

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Here's all you do! Fill in coupon below (or use sheet of paper), and send in with 25¢ and the front cover of any Smith Brothers box . . . for beautiful bracelet finished in Nickel Silver! Allow 4 weeks for delivery. Supply is limited—so hurry!

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Name for Bracelet (limit—14 letters) _____

Do you want birthstone? ☐ YES ☐ No

If YES, give month of birth _____

WRIST SIZE Large ☐ Small ☐

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

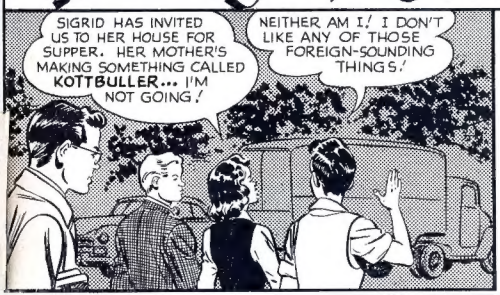
STEVE AND LORELEI
"Jimmy Gets the Tipoff!"
BANK

THAT'S A GREAT NEWS PHOTO, JIMMY!
YOU WON'T BE AN OFFICE BOY LONG!
THANKS, MR. WILSON! —THANKS, MISS LORELEI!
I'D PROMOTE JIMMY TODAY, LORELEI... BUT THAT "B.O."!
HMMM! BETTER TIP HIM OFF ABOUT LIFEBUOY!

LORELEI SLIPS A LIFEBUOY AD ON JIMMY'S DESK!
GOSH! "B.O."? ME? I'D BETTER GET LIFEBUOY RIGHT AWAY!
EVERY DAY AFTER THAT...
LIFEBUOY'S REALLY SWELL! IT STOPS "B.O." UP TO 48 HOURS!

Doctors proved Lifebuoy with its purifying ingredient gets skin cleaner than any other leading soap! That's why Lifebuoy stops "B.O." wherever it occurs—on all 13 parts of your body. Buy Lifebuoy Health Soap today! Steve Wilson says:
I NEVER SKIP MY LIFEBUOY BATH!
JIMMY, YOU'VE EARNED YOUR PROMOTION!
THANK GOODNESS I GOT WISE TO LIFEBUOY!
LISTEN TO STEVE AND LORELEI IN "BIG TOWN" RADIO SHOW EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT ON NBC NETWORK
LIFEBUOY
LIFEBUOY
Health Soap
USE IT DAILY

SUPERBOY says: "Know Your Country!"


SIGRID HAS INVITED US TO HER HOUSE FOR SUPPER. HER MOTHER'S MAKING SOMETHING CALLED KOTTBULLER... I'M NOT GOING!
NEITHER AM I! I DON'T LIKE ANY OF THOSE FOREIGN-SOUNDING THINGS.

HMM... SIGRID IS THAT LITTLE SCANDINAVIAN GIRL WHO'S NEW HERE. NOBODY HAS PAID MUCH ATTENTION TO HER, BECAUSE SHE'S A LITTLE DIFFERENT. MAYBE SUPERBOY CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS.

A QUICK CHANGE OF COSTUME IN A NEARBY HALLWAY, AND...
HIYA! GOING OVER TO SIGRID'S LATER? I'M GUEST OF HONOR, YOU KNOW!
YOU ARE! WHY--ER--SURE. WE'LL BE THERE.

LATER, AT SIGRID'S HOUSE, WHERE SUPERBOY HAS BEEN GRACIOUSLY WELCOMED...
SAY! THIS KOTTBULLER IS DELICIOUS! LIKE LITTLE HAMBURGERS, WITH WONDERFUL STUFF IN IT!
HMMMMMM...
BET YOU'RE GLAD YOU DIDN'T PASS IT UP!

YOU NEVER CAN TELL WHAT YOU'RE MISSING IF YOU DON'T TRY! IF YOU WANT TO KNOW YOUR COUNTRY, LEARN ABOUT THE DIFFERENCES AMONG PEOPLE IN FOOD, LANGUAGES, CUSTOMS AND DRESS...

AND RESPECT THESE DIFFERENCES... BECAUSE NO SINGLE LAND, RACE OR NATIONALITY CAN CLAIM THIS COUNTRY AS ITS OWN. AMERICA IS A BLEND OF CULTURES FROM MANY LANDS! NEVER FORGET THAT.

THIS PAGE IS PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH LEADING NATIONAL SOCIAL WELFARE AND YOUTH-SERVING ORGANIZATIONS

EXCITING NEWS!

NOW AIR RIFLE OWNERS CAN BECOME JUNIOR MEMBERS OF NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION

AND GET ALL THIS

PLUS THE OPPORTUNITY TO EARN OFFICIAL NRA MEDALS

NOW you can learn to shoot safely, expertly with your Daisy at official NRA targets under adult supervision—as an Active Junior NRA Member! AND you can proudly wear the prized NRA embroidered brassard on coat, shirt or sweater—carry the impressive NRA Membership Card—own and enjoy the famous NRA Junior Rifle Handbook—earn a string of NRA marksmanship medals reaching clear across your chest! ALSO you can qualify for Lapel Button Awards and receive a Free Diploma for completing each of the six main Qualification Courses. Learn how you can be a Junior NRA Member—get into "The Big Leagues" of shooting—with your Daisy! Mail coupon, 10¢, unused 3¢ stamp for new Daisy AIR RIFLEMAN Book.

READY FOR YOU!

If you own a Daisy or expect to, you and your parents need this exciting new book! AIR RIFLEMAN explains how you can join NRA as a Junior Member—diagrams new air rifle backstop—shows new "Short Range" Target Card—tells how Daisy "shooting action" works—Special Messages to parents—many other features.

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☐ PARENTS! ORGANIZATIONS! Enclose unused 3¢ stamp for Circular on SUPERVISING or SPONSORING a junior air rifle group.

YOUR NAME_____

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☐ MEN and WOMEN! If you hunt or shoot, you belong in the SENIOR NRA. Check here for facts.

1 OFFICIAL NRA "SEW ON" BRASSARD (EMBROIDERED EMBLEM)

2 OFFICIAL NRA JUNIOR RIFLE HANDBOOK

National Rifle Association of America

This is to certify that the person whose signature appears on the other side is an ACTIVE JUNIOR MEMBER in good standing of this Association for the term indicated.

Secretary

3 OFFICIAL NRA MEMBERSHIP WALLET CARD

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The National Rifle Association of America is a non-profit, non-sectarian organization of over half a million shooters. It is the oldest national sportsmen's associa' in the United States. For 80 years N has conducted America's civilian prograi of instruction in the safe and proper handling of firearms. It has trained 2½ million boys and girls in marksmanship. Now, since its Junior Program has been extended, air rifle owners can participate in this time-tested training program.

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